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# THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE

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RICHARD K. FOX,  
Editor and Proprietor.

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IS SHE A FAKE?

THE EXTRAORDINARY STORY TOLD OF HERSELF BY ROSA ROBERTS, A YOUNG DAMSEL OF PEORIA, ILLINOIS.





RICHARD K. FOX, - - Editor and Proprietor.

POLICE GAZETTE PUBLISHING HOUSE,  
Franklin Square, N. Y.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING  
SATURDAY, JANUARY 15, 1887.

#### TO OUR READERS.

The Postmaster at Somerville, Mass., was discharged for refusing to mail a copy of the *POLICE GAZETTE* to Europe. Any reader of this journal being refused the usual mail facilities, is requested to communicate the fact at once to the publisher.

Agents wanted to canvass for subscriptions in every city and village in the United States. Sample copies and advertising matter supplied free on application.

RICHARD K. FOX,  
Franklin Square, New York.

#### CLERICAL SCANDALS.

The Goodell case in Providence, the Messaros case in Philadelphia, the Downs case in Boston and the Staunton case in Brooklyn are evidences that the clerical scandal business is booming. These numerous cases in which clergymen are the principal actors induces the New York *Sun* to say:

"There seems to be no doubt that there has been a decided increase in such misconduct, and it has taken place during the last ten years. We observe, too, that there is a very remarkable similarity between the cases, more especially so far as concerns the behaviour of the clergymen under the disgraceful charges made against them."

The curious fact in this sort of business is that the clergy, who are the severest judges of laymen whenever they offend against any of the canons of morality arrive at the most lenient conclusions when they try a brother wearer of the cloth for some of the little peccadilloes which clergymen are particularly prone to commit. Take the very Goodell matter as a fair example. Only a few hours before the civil court in which the two scandalous divorce suits were tried had rendered its decision against the person and pronounced him judicially an adulterer and a perjurer, his brethren of the church in conclave assembled smeared him heavily with clerical whitewash and sent him adrift with a first-rate endorsement of his virtue and his morality.

This clash between the church trial, which declares Brother Goodell innocent, and the civil court verdict, which decides that he is guilty, will result in quite a mixed state of affairs for the faithful. Unfortunately for the brethren, the law of the land is supreme, as against the law of the church. So that the Methodist congregation which may next be under the exhortations of Brother Goodell will complacently accept as a spiritual teacher and pastor a man declared by a bench of law judges to be a hypocrite, a libertine and a perjurer. It will not be libel, hereafter, to denounce this worthy Christian as a licentious and unholy wolf preying upon the lambs of the flock, and the Methodist church will have to exhibit the singular spectacle of licensing a man to preach the Gospel whom the laws of a neighboring State would consign to the penitentiary as a punishment for unlawful fornication.

And yet, strange to say, it is always the Methodists who lead the van of attack on free thought and free speech under the pretence of taking good care of the morals of their fellow creatures. Imagine Pastor Goodell in his parsonage at Providence considering at one moment how to dodge the criminal laws against adultery of the State of Massachusetts, and pondering next how to repress "obscene literature"—otherwise known as the complete exposure of the adulterous scandals of the reverend clergy.

#### CONFEDERATED ROBBERIES.

A very clever piece of detective work was evidently done in hunting down the perpetrators of the express robbery, on charge of which Fotheringham has for some weeks been under arrest. The clues were so slight, that to eyes less trained and quick than those of the detectives in this case, they would have afforded very little guide to the hiding places of the robbers.

It is rumored that Fotheringham has made a confession. This will probably bring out all the facts; but, at present, there is at least this much known—it is, that there are shrewd and cautious men who try the weak side of such trusted officials as have custody of large amounts of money. If it be proven hereafter that Fotheringham was an accomplice in this robbery, and that he consented to have himself bound and left in the express car as part of the scheme, it will indicate that he was the victim of the temptations of the man of this sort. He could not himself have originated the plan, and had it carried out by accomplices of his own selection. It was done by skillful and experienced criminals. At the same time we are inclined to believe in Fotheringham's innocence.

#### STAGE SKIMMINGS.

The irrepressible Jimmie Morrissey has at last fallen into the toils—and is irrepressible no longer. He was married in Washington recently to Miss Julia Wheeler, the very beautiful young lady who received such marked attention from him while a member of the Rhea company, of which Morrissey was manager—and which attentions, by the way, aroused the Belgian ire of Mlle. Rhea to the point of dissolving the company.

A very sensational answer to Jeffreys-Lewis' plea for divorce has just been filed in the Superior Court of San Francisco by her husband, John Adolf Maitland, who is now in Melbourne. Maitland through his lawyers submits a number of amorous letters addressed to the plaintiff, and coming from Walter L. Dennis, William Cochrane and Frank Kilday, of New York, and M. B. Leavitt, of San Francisco, with all of whom, Maitland charges, Jeffreys-Lewis violated her marriage vows. In January, 1884, Dennis received a diamond stud valued at \$100 from her, to whom he gave in return a silk wrapper and a pair of slippers. In Dennis' correspondence he refers to "our dear old room," asks her to leave the door open, and promises a kiss of "one solid half hour's duration." Leavitt's letters to "Mazie Darling" are full of osculation and fear lest Miss Lewis should have "made up" with "Mr. M." Will Cochrane sends her a black velvet dress, and Frank Kilday pours out his soul in a short letter, in which he says: "I look in vain for your sweet face, but 'Mary' greets me."

Maitland denies all charges of cruelty in general terms, and asserts that on several occasions he has been obliged to hold her wrists to prevent her from striking him.

It adds a pleasing complication to this interesting case to learn that Miss—or Mrs. (2)—Mary Jeffreys-Lewis has just had her own immediate family circle increased by a bouncing boy.

Buffalo Bill ought to be a happy man, and he undoubtedly is. His "Wild West" on Staten Island last summer made him a fortune, and at the Madison Square Garden this winter it is making him another. The management is shrewd in its methods. To cultivate the ladies and children, who are the most enthusiastic supporters of the "Wild West," the price of admission has been put at twenty-five cents for the matinees on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays; hence the building is positively packed on those days.

Lord Lonsdale tells his English friends that Violet Cameron made a failure in this country "because American critics are down on English players." Exception seems to have been made, however, in the cases of Henry Irving, Ellen Terry, Wilson Barrett, Harry Montague, George Rignold, Osmond Tearle, Herbert Keiley, Rose and Charles Coghlan, Kylie Bellew, Charles Wyndham and a few dozen others.

The charming soubrette, Mattie Vickers, presented her manager, Matt L. Berry, with a handsome gold-headed cane, and her comedian, Chas. S. Rogers, a three-carat diamond stud. Other members of her company were kindly remembered on Christmas Day.

"Tobogganing," portly Mestayer's coming novelty, will satirize the new craze. That gentleman says, further: "I have a slide starting from the left of the stage, turning in the centre and going off at the right wing. The toboggans will run on an endless chain like the cable cars, and the coasters will be shot into a rubber pillow behind the scenes. I will have a toboggan all to myself. It will be two feet long and will be fastened to my tobogganing knickerbockers. All the costumes have been made in Canada."

Mr. E. E. Blaisdell, the general agent of St. Perkins' company, was presented with an elegant 24-carat diamond ring Christmas by Frank Jones and W. B. Blaisdell. The company is making a repetition of their former success of last year.

The salaries of clever specialists and song-and-dance girls are higher this season than they have been in a decade; consequently the variety managers are uneasy because the rage for farce comedy has robbed them of nearly all their best people.

Helen Hastings, who is to appear at the Union Square on Jan. 17, is a beauty of the English blonde type, and has been on the stage ever since she was a little girl, her first part being that of a *Good Fairy* in a Christmas pantomime. Her first London distinction was three years ago when she played *Dulcie*, a twelve-year old girl in "Vice Versa." The public then mistook her for a child actress of remarkable precocity instead of a full-grown woman of twenty. Her performance of *Gertie Hockett* in the burlesque, "Silver Guilt," was another role at that theatre. Afterward she traveled through the English provinces in "Silver Guilt," and a year later as *Dora Vane* in "Harbor Lights."

Willie Edouin and Alice Atherton are playing in a new burlesque in London called "The Coming Clown."

It is likely to be Feb. 14 before Manager Stetson can give the new Gilbert and Sullivan opera its American first night. Until that date at least Robert Mantell will continue to play *Raymond Garth* in "Tangled Lives." W. F. Blande, the young man who impersonates a duke so well in Mantell's support, is an English actor who has not been in this country long. Mr. Keller, author of the play, says Blande's right name is Blood, and that he is a cousin of Lady Collin Campbell.

Anent his new play, William A. Mestayer says: "It will be of a little higher order than any I have yet attempted, but I have left plenty of room for 'horse play.' If I find the public don't want me in legitimate comedy, I am playing for money at present, and though the dramatic critics abuse me for my circus performance, I believe the box office is the best critic. I suppose I am responsible for the plays which followed and imitated the style of the 'Pullman Palace Car.' It's a heavy load on my conscience, as you may imagine. I had the 'Pullman' on my hands several years before I could get anyone to touch it. I read it to the 'Troubadours' one night, and after I left I heard them through the transom 'gaying' it. Goodwin finally

agreed to produce it at the Walnut if I would give him \$500 in case we didn't make \$1,000 during the first week. I agreed to that, though, at that time, I had no idea where I would get the \$500. Well, you remember how it 'caught on.' We made \$1,722 in one night. My new one will be called 'Tobogganing,' and it will satirize the new craze. I have a slide starting from the left of the stage, turning in the centre, and going off at the right wing. The toboggans will be run on an endless chain like the cable cars, and the coasters will be shot into a rubber pillow behind the scenes. I will have a toboggan all to myself. It will be two feet long, and will be fastened to my tobogganing knickerbockers. All the costumes have been made in Canada."

It is on the "slate" for two popular and well-known variety sketch teams to separate shortly. Married but not happy, one blames the other.

In a hearing at Chicago the other day, it was developed that within a few years Mr. Haverly had given up over \$300,000 in discharge of his debts.

It is hardly likely that Mr. Slingerly will rebuild the Temple Theatre. Just what Mr. Brotherton will do is not known, but more than likely he will secure either the South Broad or the Chestnut Street Theatre. The only objection to the latter is the very steep rental.

"The Crocodile," M. Sardou's new play, turns out to be too wordy, and needs bolting down in a large degree. It is also credited with being at times dull and lacking the brilliancy for which Sardou has heretofore been celebrated. The piece, however, is said to be, to a great extent, scenically successful, but to fall behind "Theodora" in respect of spectacular opportunities and effect. F. C. Burnand has called attention in the London *Times* to the likeness between "The Crocodile" and Tom Taylor's "Overland Route."

They tell a good story of Harry Pettitt, the author of "Harbor Lights." Before Pettitt went to play-writing, he was an applicant before a local board in one of the small English towns, for the position of teacher. While waiting his examination in an ante-room, his eye roamed over a large map, and his attention was attracted to Terra del Fuego. Harry was never great in geography, and great was his consternation when the only question in that study that was put to him was, "Where is Terra del Fuego?" It is scarcely necessary to add, that his long prior contemplation of the map stood him so well, that his instant description of Terra del Fuego's boundaries impressed the board that they really had discovered a scientist in Pettitt, and he forthwith secured the position.

Tony Pastor has entered into a contract by which Harry and John Kernell, the Irish comedians, who have been separated for over a year, will come together and travel with his road company next season.

It is reported that Rose Coghlan will return to Wallack's as leading lady next season.

Janish is to try it again. And yet the country roads are reported to be in bad condition.

Mlle. Ellae (Mrs. Jacques Kruger), the premiere danseuse, has joined Charles Andrews' "Michael Sirogoff" company.

Nym Crinkle says: "I am told that Wallack has a sort of dotting administration for that Bellevue; that he watches him pose and strut, and that he sheds tears of senile ecstasy over him. I believe the Governor spends all his spare hours coaching Bellevue in cock sparrowing, showing him how to put his hands in his pockets and lean up against a pillar. I believe that every play now brought to Wallack's has to be measured by Bellevue's girth, and as most of the plays are too big for him they are taken away again."

"Turned Up" has made a big hit at the Bijou theatre, New York, and Nat Goodwin is in high feather. In the play he assumes the character of an undertaker in one scene of the play. Some one warns him that he is standing on the verge of the grave. "Well, sir," says Nat, "is not that my natural position?"

Franklin H. Sargent has often been made to bear the odium of the first season of the Lyceum School. It is stated in his behalf that of \$20,000 paid in by the pupils at the beginning not one cent remained in the treasury three months later. It had all been drawn out, paid out, or put into other enterprises by Steele Mackaye and his crowd. Sargent was obliged to run the school the rest of the year without capital.

Thatcher, Primrose and West and Haverly's Minstrels have been in strong opposition recently. In Detroit, Mich., each company had its parade at the same time, and the two passed each other with music playing, drums beating and flags flying. At night Haverly's Minstrels had a great display of fireworks. People were turned away at both houses.

Mr. Spencer Cone, the father of Kate Claxton, Maggie Cone, and Spencer H. Cone, has been stricken down with paralysis, and his life is now despaired. Mr. Cone has the loving attention of his affectionate wife and children, who have the sympathy of hosts of friends.

Mr. John H. McGowan, of Baltimore, has a programme of the first appearance of Lotta, the actress, in New York in 1864. She is described on the bill as "The California Pet." She sang a local song, danced an Irish jig, and took the part of *Jenny Lind* in the comic opera of that name.

Roland Reed has become the possessor of an English greyhound pup which he has named "Peggy." He says the fancier who sold him the animal gave her a pedigree as long as a thirty-week season.

Jim O'Neill will shortly essay the difficult role of *Hamlet*. Grace Thorne, daughter of the late lamented "Charley" Thorne, will be the *Ophelia*, and she is a beauty.

After the performance of "Moths" at Wallack's one evening one of the auditors was heard to remark that he thought "those two young Englishmen were the most ladylike young fellows he had ever listened to."

#### OUR PICTURES.

The Chief Events of the Week Historically Related.

##### The Child Thief in Court.

We illustrate on another page the arraignment before Justice Ford of Lillian Smith, the eleven year old thief caught pilfering in Macy's.

##### A Judge Drops Dead on the Bench.

Judge M. A. Harwood, while examining witnesses in the Sheriff McKinney murder case, at Cotulla, Texas, suddenly fell over, and died from the effects of an overdose of morphine. Whether taken with medical intent is not yet determined.

##### The Latest Agony.

A Chicago railroad man and a Chicago reporter both say that "it is becoming fashionable for young men of that city to kiss each other vigorously when they part for any length of time and when they meet again. The railroad man says it makes him sick to see the fools."

##### A Crank in a Tree.

Dr. C. R. Adams, agent of the Connecticut Humane Society, has been investigating the very familiar case of Isaac Pardee, of East Haven, who ten years ago was one of the most promising and prominent young men in that town. Suddenly he became demented and took up his abode in the woods. Of late years he has been living in the hollowed-out trunk of an old tree. Dr. Adams will see that he is sent to an insane asylum as soon as possible. It is said to be a case of unrequited love.

##### She Had Grit.

Mrs. F. Ferris, wife of the California Southern agent at Oceanside, accompanied by three little children of John P. Myers, went out for a walk across the railroad bridge, at San Luis Rey, Cal., shortly after the passenger train passed. When half way across the bridge the freight, a double-header, with engines Nos. 11 and 144, came along on time. There was a very heavy fog prevailing at the time. The engineers noticed Mrs. Ferris about the same time that she discovered the train. She immediately, with great presence of mind, placed the three children in a place of safety. By this time the train had slowed up and came almost to a stop, and the fireman had got down on the pilot ready to lift her from danger, when, losing her presence of mind, she jumped from the bridge, striking the heavy timbers in her descent, a distance of thirty feet into the river.

##### An Easy Winner.

One of the best known gourmets of New York is Mr. John M. Merrick, a famous architect. He is considered the greatest authority in the metropolis on luxurious living, and his views were quoted with respect, even by such an apostle of the cuisine as the late Wm. Stuart. In a recent conversation Mr. Merrick declared that to eat thrifty quail in thirty days was a feat which owed its difficulty, not to the monotony of the dish, but the natural dryness and insipidity of the bird. This opinion he offered to back practically by undertaking to eat a very different kind of wild fowl—the canvas-back duck—at the rate of one a day for a month. The canvas-back is a very large and rich bird, and considerable doubt was expressed by epicures as to the possibility of the feat. But with true Galway pluck, Mr. Merrick demolished his thirtieth consecutive bird on New Year's day amid the applause of all beholders at Cable's restaurant on Broadway.

##### New Mode of Training Yale's Crew.

A new era is about to open in boating affairs at Yale. Hitherto the men who have gone into training for the University crew during the winter months have rowed on the hydraulic machines in the basement of the gymnasium. It has always been felt that considerable time has been lost each spring in changing from these stationary machines to the light, swift shells which are used on the harbor. To overcome this difficulty, and make a more easy and even transition from the gymnasium to the harbor, has been long thought of by both the alumni and under graduates, who are interested in aquatics. As a result, some radical changes are now being made. In the basement of the gymnasium, where was the base ball cage, and adjacent to it the hydraulic rowing machines, a tank 60x35 feet, and 3 feet deep, is being constructed which will be filled with water. An eight-oared barge will be placed in the centre of the tank, and by this means it is thought that the crew will derive every benefit that could be had from rowing on the harbor, save that they will not be able to measure their speed, since the boat remains stationary. By this means also careful study can be made of the stroke throughout the whole course of practice and training. It will be the same as that used at New London last June. The tank will be finished by the beginning of next term, Jan. 6. The result of this unique experiment is looked forward to by Yale men with greatest interest and expectancy.

##### A Real "Jim Bludsoe" at the Helm.

The steamer Sir John sailed from St. John, N. B., at 11 o'clock on the night of Dec. 23 for Shulex with a general cargo. About 11:30 o'clock, when above Black Point, she suddenly broke out in the galley. In about a minute the whole steamer burst into flames. So fast that there was no hope of saving the vessel, a boat was launched, but she upset and drifted away. There was now no other alternative than to run for the shore, which was two miles distant. The captain ran through blinding smoke and flames and, seizing the wheel, headed her for the beach, the engineer putting on all possible steam. In less than half an hour, which seemed ages to the imperilled crew, the steamer, hot from grated on the rocks. The captain, who had nobly to his post, with the flames heating around him and burning his clothing, now leaped into the sea and swam ashore. John Sinclair, of St. John, tried to do the same, but was caught by the undertow and drowned. A line was taken ashore by means of which the remainder of the crew, Charles Purdy, Edward Purdy, Edwin Smith, and W. C. Robinson, engineer, reached the shore safely. Nothing was saved from the vessel and the men were only partly clothed. Nearly every one was burned more or less. The steamer was beached about midway between Black Point and Mispec Point. The shore is very rocky there, and there is no house for miles around. The half-famished crew were obliged to remain on the rocks with the thermometer below zero until day light the next morning, when they made their way to St. John.

Cora May E print above, Fickes of Elm fine physique, and is indeed and at one the news agent n entering in objection on the author justified in the nearly four y On Sunday, mother good went from her return in the ance on Mo stances she w Chicago, for a friend, start this, I will be west, and it The case w son. He obt which led hi she had take Sunday, Dec tation had t that city. T monumenta the place sh street, one o was greatly but was gla disgusted w She express parents so home. The parents.

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About t distance t River co the cattle animals feeding f to the re day they whose ba were bel One of proposed burning were soo himself Arrivi heaviest high rid only a s this ridg the boys they fou howels f one suc



## THIS WICKED WORLD.

A Few Samples of Man's Duplicity and Woman's Worse than Weakness.



Cora May Fickes.

Cora May Fickes, a correct portrait of whom we print above, is the handsome daughter of William Fickes of Elmira, N. Y. Cora is a young woman of fine physique, aged 19 years, a brunette with dark hair and is indeed a lovely girl. She has been unfortunate and at one time she "loved not wisely, but too well" a news agent now running over one of the railroad lines centering in Elmira. There was, it is said, a strong objection on the part of her parents to Cora's marrying the author of her trouble, and the matter was adjusted in the usual legal way. Cora's bright little boy, nearly four years of age, is a household pet.

On Sunday, Dec. 12, Cora left the house, bidding her mother good bye, as she usually did, even when she went from home only for an hour or two. She did not return in the evening, and failed to put in an appearance on Monday morning. From several circumstances she was led to believe that Cora had gone to Chicago, for the girl had written a letter on Sunday to a friend, stating that "by the time you have received this, I will be several hundred miles on my way to the west, and it will be useless to look for me."

The case was put into the hands of Detective Anderson. He obtained from Cora's intimate friends a clue which led him on the track of the girl. He found that she had taken the afternoon train for Baltimore on Sunday, Dec. 12, and that the money for her transportation had been forwarded to her from some one in that city. The detective boarded the first train for the Monumental City. It did not take him long to find the place she was in. It was a low den on Reburn street, one of the toughest places in Baltimore. Cora was greatly surprised when the detective appeared, but was glad to go back with him, having become disgusted with the terrible immorality that prevailed. She expressed deep regret for having caused her parents so much trouble and promised to remain at home. The girl was received with open arms by her parents.

## QUEER, EH?

[Subject of Illustration.]

A special dispatch from Peoria, Ill., says Rosa Roberts, a young girl twenty years of age, claims to have been seized by a man on the public streets on the afternoon of Dec. 23, thrown into a buggy and conveyed five miles up the river, where she was thrown from the vehicle into the snow. She was certainly found there and brought back to Chicago about midnight. Rosa tells a remarkable story to the effect that she was abducted from home in Germany when five years old by a man named Blus, brought to New York, adopted by a manufacturer named Roberts as one of the family, and five years ago, when Roberts died, was left \$1,000 in his will. She came West with the daughter of Roberts, who had married L. W. Williams, now engaged in the boot and shoe business in Chicago, and lived with Williams until about a year ago. She claims that she recognized the man who seized her on the street as the man who abducted her from Germany fifteen years ago, and that the horror of seeing him deprived her of consciousness. Rosa believes her parents are wealthy people in Germany, and the object of Blus was to put her out of the way in order to keep her from securing her rights, and that her long unconscious spell made him believe that his object was accomplished. She is subject to fainting spells, which sometimes last for two hours.

## A COWBOY'S AWFUL DEATH.

[Subject of Illustration.]

About two weeks ago a party of cowboys from some distance north of the burning coal fields of the Powder River country, W. T., started out on a trip through the cattle district to the southward, to bring back any animals that might have strayed from their proper feeding grounds. A couple of days' ride brought them to the region of the burning coal pits, and the third day they passed quite close to a small creek from whose banks huge columns of dense and black smoke were being vomited forth.

One of the range riders, Hugh Connelly by name, proposed that the party ride over and inspect the burning pits. This was agreed to, and the cowboys were soon speeding on an errand from which Connelly himself was never to return.

Arriving on the creek bank they found that the heaviest smoke proceeded from the summit of a long, high ridge which ran parallel with the stream and only a short distance from it. Riding to the foot of this ridge, over ground calcined and broken with heat, the boys dismounted, and leaving their horses began to ascend on foot. Arriving at the top of the ridge, they found themselves face to face with the fires of the bowels of the earth. The ridge offered to their gaze one succession of pits, from which issued black smoke,

shot with lurid streaks of flame. The hot air of the pits almost parched the flesh and took the breath as it came steadily toward them. The party had turned to leave, unable to stand the close heat, when Connelly exclaimed:

"Boys, yonder is the biggest hole of them all. I am going to look down and see how far it is to hell," at the same time pointing to a large opening a short distance away, from which poured a perfect column of smoke and flame. His companions in vain tried to dissuade him from his foolhardy purpose. He sprang away from them, and in a moment was standing on the brink of the frightful crater. He turned and waved his hat at his companions shouting something which they failed to hear, and the next instant the earth on which he stood gave way, and Connelly disappeared forever in the abyss of flame and smoke. His horrified companions beat a precipitate retreat, and, gaining their horses, never broke the swift prairie lope until many miles lay between them and the scene of their fellow cowboy's frightful death. He was a Texan, and between twenty-one and twenty-two years of age.

## NOT PARTED EVEN IN DEATH.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Misses Sadie Bigelow and Lizzie Hart, both nineteen years old, had been companions since childhood. They were born in St. John's, N. F., and went to Boston two years ago. For nearly a year they worked for Jordan, Marsh and Co., and last August they came to New York to take a situation in the dry-goods house of Simpson, Crawford & Simpson. They remained there until two weeks ago, when they returned to Boston, the work being too hard for them. Meeting two friends, Henry Hobart and John Sands, on Christmas Day, the four had dinner at Vercelli's, on the Back Bay, and in the evening the girls visited the men at their rooms in Temple street. While there a despatch was received from Miss Hart's father announcing the death of her mother. This made her despondent, and her companion was depressed in sympathy with her. While returning to their room on Tremont street, Miss Hart purchased two boxes of "rough on rats," and when they reached home they mixed the poison with water and drank it.

Miss Bigelow, soon repenting, left the house and went to the home of the men, reaching there about 1 o'clock on Sunday morning. A physician was summoned and emetics were administered, but the girl soon died in a few hours. Miss Hart was found dead in bed when the men went to her home. Both bodies were removed to the morgue.

## BOB SMITH.

[With Portrait.]

Every sporting man in the United States has heard of Bob Smith, the veteran pugilist, second and trainer. Twenty-four years ago he came from Birmingham, Eng., to this country, and since that time he has attended many a merrie mill, and either trained or seconded one. He trained Patsy Sheppard when the latter was matched to fight Barney Aaron. He trained Dick Hollywood, and seconded him when he defeated Johnny Keating for the feather-weight championship at Newport, Ky. He seconded Billy Edwards when he defeated Sam Collyer for \$2,000 and the championship of light weights.

He again seconded Edwards when he fought a draw with Tom Collins for \$2,000 and the light-weight championship. He trained Jimmy Elliott, George Rooke, Alexander Brown, and John Flood when the latter fought John L. Sullivan on a barge on the Hudson river. Smith has fought in the prize ring, beating Bill Berins in England, and he had to lower his colors to Johnny Walker, of Nottingham, after a desperate battle, which lasted one hour and fifteen minutes. Bob Smith now fills the position of master of ceremonies at the numerous boxing exhibitions and he is very popular.

## MAJOR.

[With Portrait.]

In this issue we publish a portrait of the great fighting dog Major. He is owned by Daniel Donovan, of Rochester, N. Y., and can be matched by Charles Perkins, of Rochester, or his owner against any 28 or 29 pound dog in America to fight according to "Police Gazette" rules for \$500 or \$1,000 a side, Richard K. Fox to be final stakeholder and select the referee. A reply to this paper, or to Daniel Donovan, 163 Paul street, Rochester, N. Y., will receive prompt attention. Major is said to be a great fighter, and there is a large amount of money behind him. On Nov. 14 he fought Turk, of Buffalo, N. Y., for \$500. The battle ended in a draw after the dogs had fought 1 hour and 40 minutes, and Turk died after the battle.

## JACK ASHTON.

[With Portrait.]

Jack Ashton was born in Providence, R. I., on Nov. 9, 1863. He stands 5 feet 10½ inches in height, weighs trained 170 pounds. He has fought twenty-three times in the prize ring and only met with defeat once. His first battle was with Jim Dolan of Providence, R. I., with bare knuckles. "Police Gazette" rules. Sixteen three-minute rounds were fought and the battle was declared a draw. The balance of Ashton's battles were fought with gloves, and he has proved himself one of the leading heavy weights. He was brought out by Billy Madden, and under the latter's guidance he made his mark.

## WITHIN AND WITHOUT.

[Subject of Illustration.]

A theatre party rustled gently into Delmonico's shortly after 11 o'clock last night, and sank with gentle volubility into their seats around a table near a window on the Twenty-sixth street side of the dining-room. There were three indubitably correct men and a strikingly beautiful woman, who reclined gracefully in her chair and smiled amusedly at the talk of the youngest of her three companions. The corners of her mouth were drawn back until they almost touched the dimples in her cheeks and her eyes shone with gentle humor. She was in full evening attire and her bust and arms showed to striking advantage against the crimson lining of the opera cloak that was thrown over the back of her chair. She is one of the most famous of the beautiful young married women of New York. She was dressed according to the reckless and lavish requirements of the prevailing mode, which has set the whole country gossiping, and brought even such preachers as Heber Newton and John Hall to their feet in protest. She made a wonderful picture as she sat there, gracious, high-bred, warm-tinted and serene.

There was a sharp and dramatic contrast within a yard of her window. It blew half a gale without. There was a jumble of hacks and showy carriages, the stamping of horses' feet and the cursing of the hackmen as they forced their way through the jam of vehicles, while the wind swept through the street with the roar of a mighty blast furnace.

The curtain of the window beside which the woman of fashion sat had been drawn down, but it hung free enough at the side to allow a glimpse of the half-clad figure within, and there was a group of four or five rough backmen struggling for the post of vantage on the iron fence. A small cab driver with a long strip of carpet wound about his waist outside of his pea-jacket, a flannel skull cap drawn over his ears and a rusty "plug" hat on top of it all, sat on the fence peering eagerly in at the beauty. He had the post of vantage and apparently he meant to keep it. In the sulky group around him was a long-necked hansom-driver with a bit of red flannel around his throat and a small mid-summer white derby canted over his eyes. After trying vainly to get a peep at the beauty the driver of the hansom rapped the man on the fence briskly on the shoulder and said:

"Come now, that'll do, O'Gilligan. You've had enough: gimme a look at that."

"Oh, no," said O'Gilligan, in a quaint and musical monotone, "oh, no. Oh, I'm all right."

"Oh, are you?" asked the other sarcastically, as he stepped back and fixed his frivolous little hat more firmly on his head. "Are you indeed? I suppose you think you'll win it if she looks out here, don't you, you lemon-eyed snipe?"

"Oh, well, O' don't know," said O'Gilligan, sweetly, as he passed his big fist over his piquant Irish mug. "Ef she gets a good luk at me shape—"

"Well, dat's all right," said the other driver, impressively, moving a little nearer. "I ain't here fur t' banny no perille remarks wid you. I want a luk at that an' I'm goin' t' have it."

"Oh, are you?"

"Yes, I am."

"Yis y' are?"

"Well, I'll tell y' I y' am!"

"Ab, go chew some tar."

There was a rush, a struggle, and the two men rolled over and thumped one another with such vim that every blow was accompanied by a breathless snort. They fought savagely and brutally until they got under the wheels of a cab and then the other drivers pulled them apart and bore the hansom driver away, while the victorious O'Gilligan resumed his seat upon the fence, as battered, bleeding and woe-begone an object as the town could show.

Meanwhile the daughter of New York's highest civilization sat within, graceful, suave and quite unconscious of the savage struggle that had been inspired without by her abridged but brilliant costume.

## MURDERED LIZZIE TURLINGTON.

[Subject of Illustration.]

The body of Lizzie Turlington, the deaf mute, murdered by Walter L. Bingham, was found in a piece of woods between two railroads and within a few hundred yards of the main road from Raleigh to Durham, N. C. Bingham had driven Miss Turlington to Morrisville, had taken her out of the road to the left, passing over a part of the road, had driven over ten miles to the left and then gone into the Pittsboro road. By the latter road he drove back towards Cary. Within three-quarters of a mile of Cary he turned up a narrow lane which ended at the woods. The body of the girl lay in a ravine among oak trees, with here and there a large pine. It was on its back in the most perfect order, feet and limbs together and hands folded upon the breast. A negro man who was walking through the woods on the way to visit a neighbor saw turkey buzzards rise up from the ravine and then found the body. Other persons came up as soon as he told the news, and among those who looked upon the corpse were the brother of Walter Bingham and three brothers of the murdered girl. The head was bare and her fair hair swept back from a brow stained with purple blotches caused by bruises. The buzzards had eaten the eyeballs and tongue. In the left side of the head was a hole made by a pistol bullet fired so close that the hair and flesh were scorched. On the left hand were four rings, two plain and two with settings. One of these was an engagement ring given her by Bingham. The ears were eaten off by buzzards. Her breast pin was missing, but a piece of the watch chain was visible at the throat.

An examination of the locality showed the girl's hat and satchel carelessly thrown behind the top of a fallen tree. The horse and buggy had been driven in the woods a few yards, as many signs showed. Across the road from this spot was a quantity of blood on the ground and also fur from the muff or the cloak she wore. Fur was also visible in the road between the buggy and the blood, indicating a struggle in the road, if road it can be called, for it is really only a sort of byway through the woods. From the point where blood stained the ground to the place where the body was found, there was a trail through leaves, showing that Bingham had dragged the girl down the slope head foremost. He had probably pushed her out of the buggy upon her absolute refusal to marry him, and she had, after partly falling, tried to get into the road. He had dragged her to the ground and shot her. Afterwards he had pulled the body to the ravine and then carefully arranged it. No undertaker could have done the work more neatly.

After he had committed the deed Bingham had driven back to Morrisville either by the road on which he first went or by the one along which he had just come, more probably the former. At noon precisely he was seen in Morrisville with the girl. Just two hours later he passed through the upper part of Morrisville alone. In these two hours he had made the circuit of fully eight or nine miles back towards Cary had killed the girl, laid out the body, and then driven back through Morrisville alone.

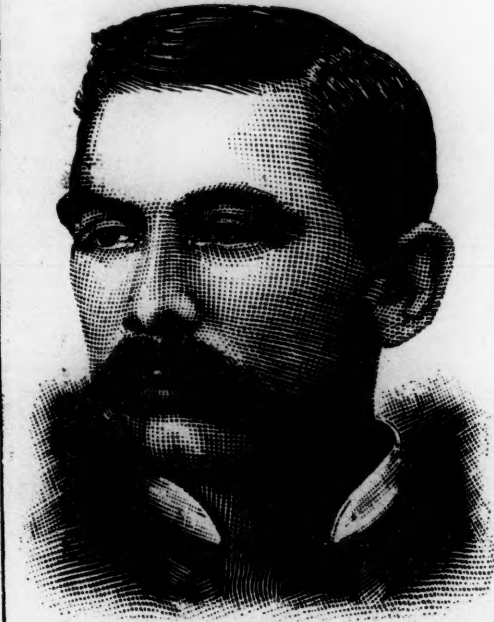
## ALL THE DIFFERENCE IN THE WORLD.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Mr. Ed Heron-Allen is an English dude who, in early youth, was apprenticed to a fiddle maker. He invented a business which he calls "chirosophy," or the knowledge of telling fortunes, &c., by an inspection of the human hand. He is driving a profitable trade up town, among "sawciety" imbeciles, by scrutinizing palms at \$10 per palm. "Apple Mary," an old Irish woman who sells fruit at the Tombs and is worth quite a lot of money, hearing of Heron-Allen and mistaking him for a chiropodist or corn-cutter, made a tremendous sensation in his rooms the other day by offering him a five dollar bill to remove her banions. The enterprising rookney went into a swoon and had to suspend business for the rest of the day.

## OUR PORTRAITS.

The Men and Women Who Find Pictorial Fame in These Columns.



W. D. Lowderback is the active and efficient City Marshal of Sterling, Kan., where he is noted for his many "sterling" qualities and handsome face. Marshal Lowderback is also the superintendent of a Christian church, and looks out for the welfare of the souls as well as bodies of the citizens of Sterling.

## Harry Campbell.

There is no one better known in amusement circles than Harry Campbell, the Scottish lecturer, whose portrait we print elsewhere.

## Edna Leslie.

This charming young actress whose portrait we publish on another page, after being one of the principal beauties of Rice's "Evangeline," is now dividing honors with Kate Castleton.

## Wm. A. Rowe.

In this issue we publish a portrait of Wm. A. Rowe the famous bicycle rider. Rowe is one of the speediest riders in the United States, and has won numerous victories during the past season.

## John Arensdorf.

John Arensdorf is the brewer of Des Moines, Iowa, who is accused of firing the fatal shot that laid the Rev. George C. Haddock, the prohibitionist, cold dead some time ago. We print his portrait elsewhere in this issue.

## The Rev. Goodell Scandal.

On another page of this issue we publish the portraits of Rev. Charles L. Goodell, Mrs. Louella M. Goodell, Mrs. Foster and her husband Theodore, the principals in a wicked clerical scandal that shocked Providence, R. I., and supplied some racy reading a few weeks back. We refer our readers to two issues ago of this paper for the full particulars of the sensation.

## Warden James Walsh.

The portrait which appears on another page of this issue of the newly appointed Warden of the old historical Tombs, James Walsh, is no doubt the only picture ever published which does justice to good-natured statesman's jolly face. The ex-alderman is one of the best-known men about town. For years he has played an active part in politics in the lower wards of this city, where he has lived all his life. Notwithstanding all the protests against his appointment, we think he will make an excellent warden, and do his duty without fear or friendship.

## George W. Tyler.

George W. Tyler was formerly attorney for the plaintiff in the celebrated Sharon divorce case. He is now disbarred by the Supreme Court of California for unprofessional conduct. It is alleged that he was twice indicted by the grand jury of San Francisco during the past year and a half. Once for an alleged felony in presenting to the court an affidavit of an imbecile negro woman containing testimony favorable to Miss Hill in the notorious Sharon divorce case. He has been a hard fighter in court, and has been repeatedly fined for contempt of court in various amounts. On the trial before the Supreme Court, which resulted in his disbarment for two years, it is said upwards of 100 leading citizens testified that his reputation for integrity was bad. We print his portrait on another page.

## Prof. Pemberton Pierce.

Pennagrove, N. J., gossips are in ecstasies. They have a sensation in what is alleged to be the elopement of "Professor" Pemberton Pierce, Sunday school teacher, Grand Army man, music teacher, music dealer, ice cream merchant and choir leader of St. Paul's Methodist Episcopal church, with his prepossessing music teacher, Miss Fannie Yates, of Illinois. Mr. Pierce and the young lady have suddenly disappeared from Salem County circles at all events, and a number of creditors, are said, to be mourning the absence of the former. Professor Pierce has lived in Pennagrove for five years, marrying a very estimable lady there. He ran for Assembly in 1885 on the Prohibition ticket. He also wrote several pieces of music, the most prominent of which was "Crush the Curse," and dedicated to General Fiske last fall. Pierce had music classes all through Salem County, and generally employed young lady assistants. Three of these have left him within the last twenty months, and it is now alleged that he had insulted them. Charges that Pierce also attempted to take unwarranted liberty with his pupils, are also being circulated. Last October Miss Yates was secured by "Professor" Pierce as his assistant, and they have been constantly together ever since.





EDNA LESLIE,

A CHARMING YOUNG ACTRESS NOW DIVIDING HONORS WITH KATE CASTLETON.



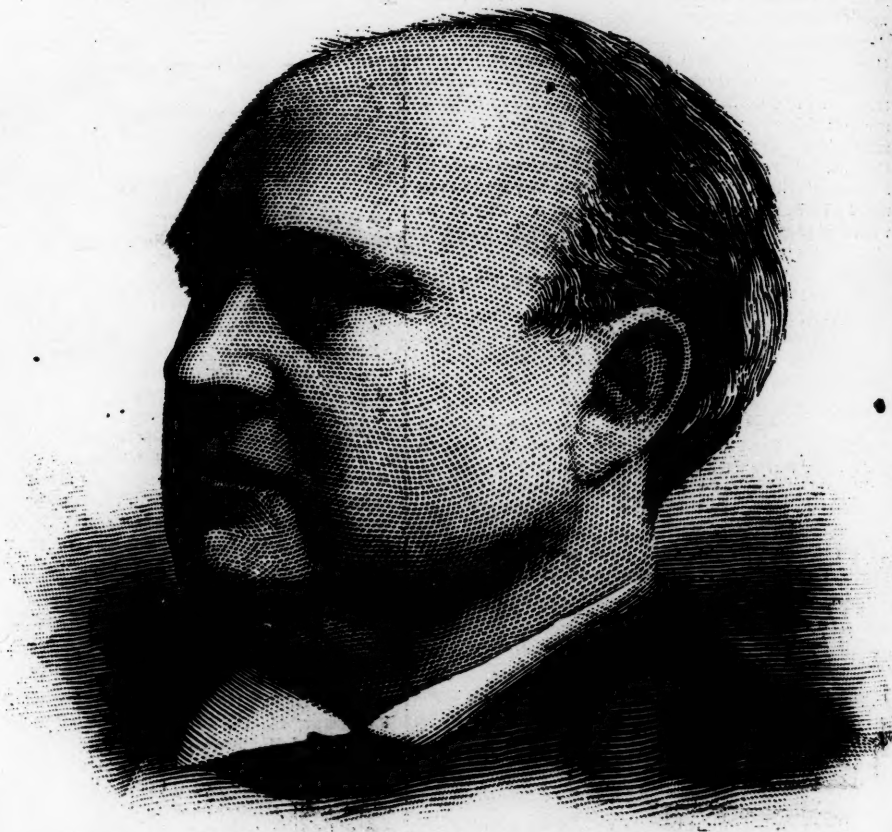
HARRY CAMPBELL,

THE WELL-KNOWN SCOTTISH LECTURER AND MUSEUM MANAGER.



LITTLE LILLIAN, THE LARCENIST.

THE CHILD-PICKPOCKET WHO DID SO MUCH NEAT WORK IN MACY'S IS ABRAIGNED BEFORE JUSTICE FORD.



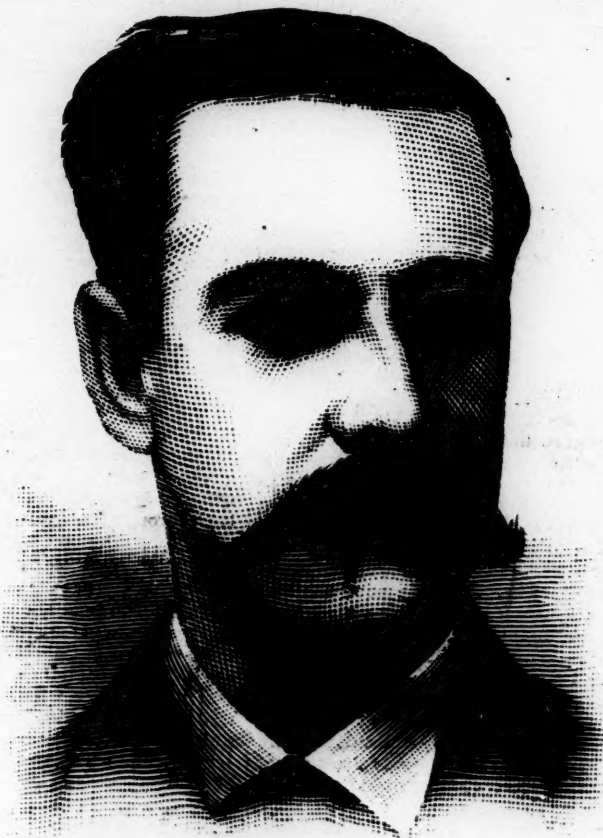
EX-ALDERMAN JAMES WALSH,

THE NEWLY-APPOINTED WARDEN OF THE TOMBS, THE FAMOUS CITY PRISON OF NEW YORK CITY.



MRS. LOUELLA M. GOODELL,

DENIED A DIVORCE SOLELY ON THE GROUND OF OWN WICKED DOINGS, PROVIDENCE, R. I.



REV. CHARLES L. GOODELL,

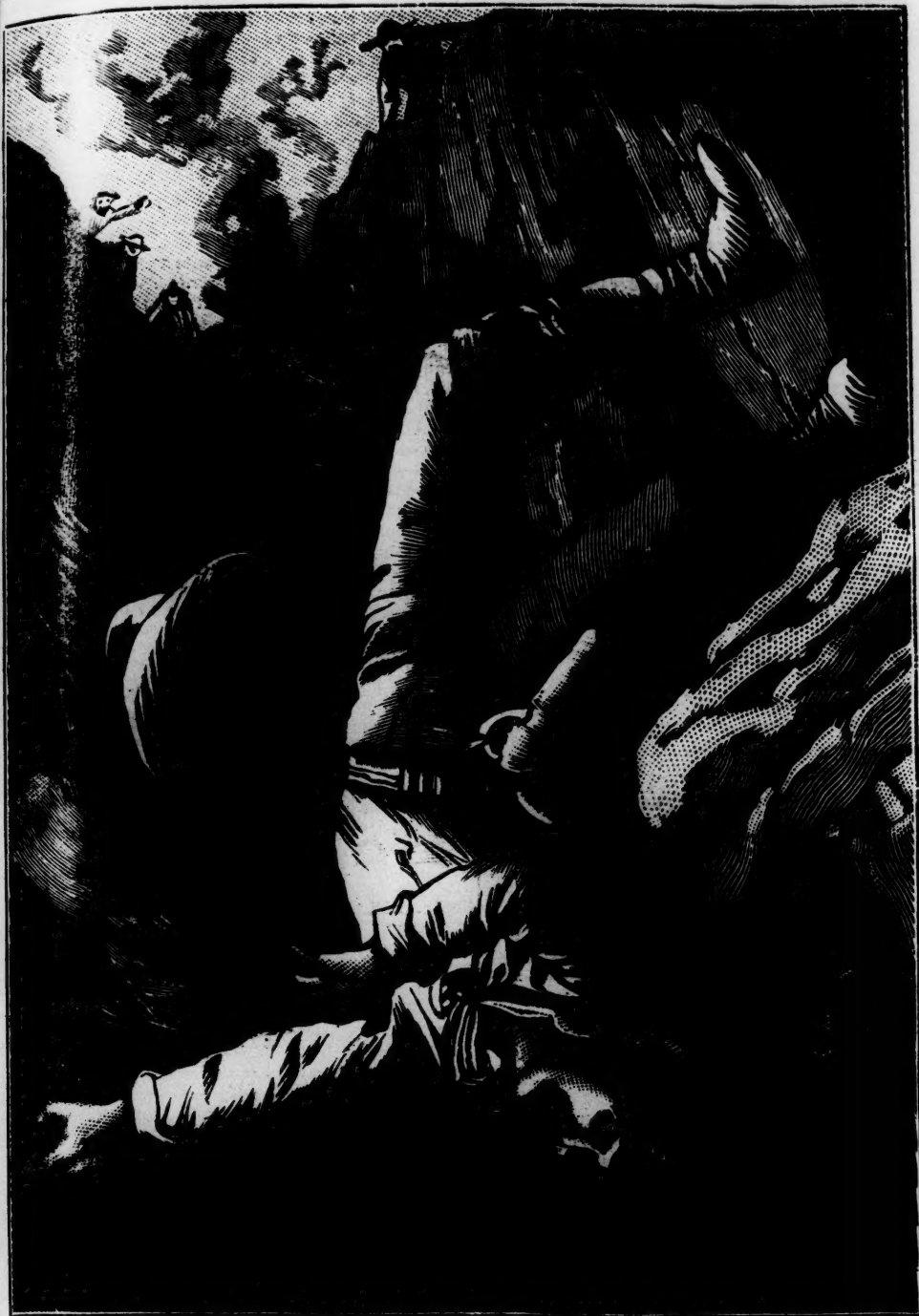
THE PROVIDENCE, R. I., PASTOR WHO HAS BEEN FOUND GUILTY OF WICKED THINGS WITH MRS. FOSTER.



MRS. THEODORE FOSTER,

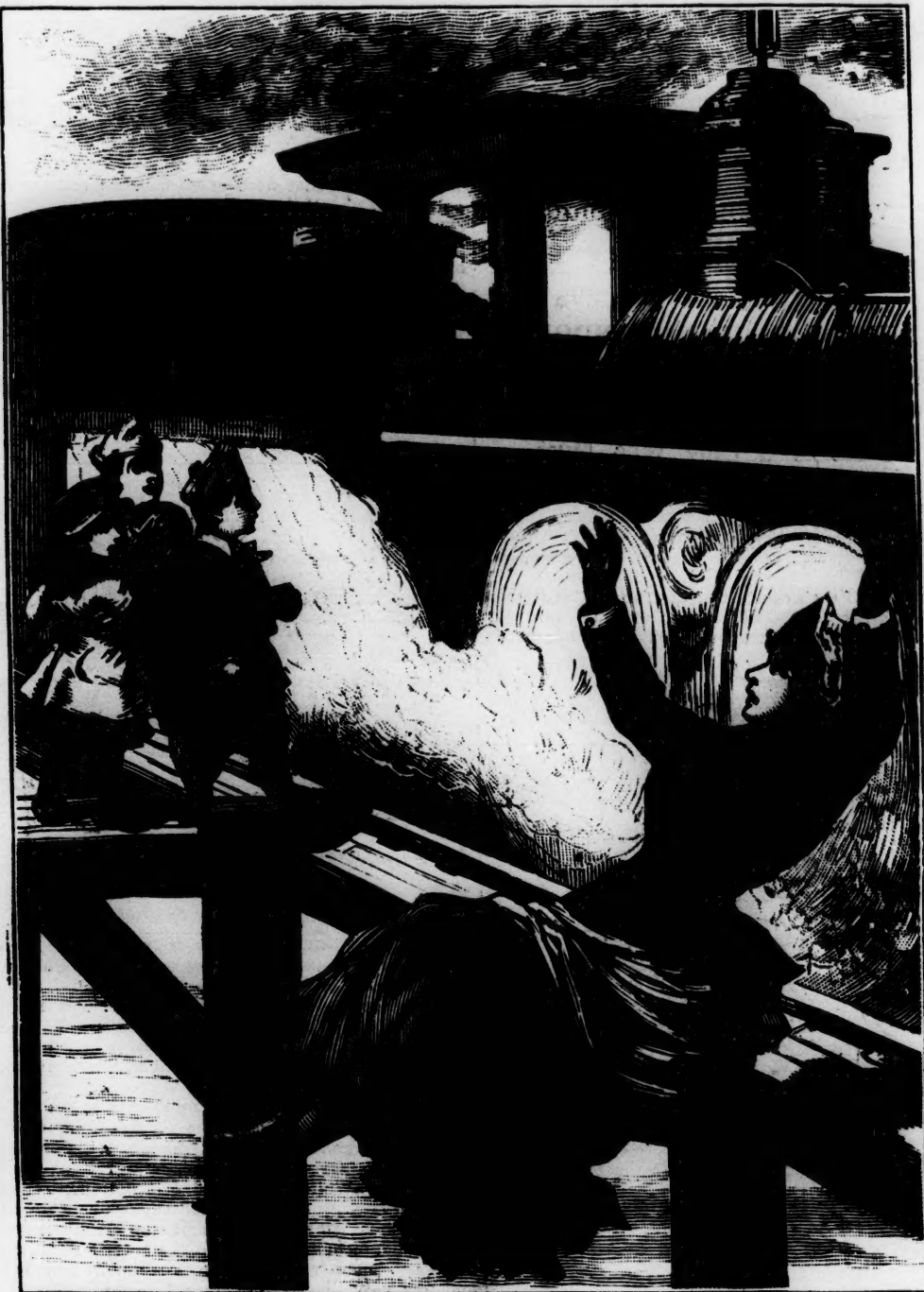
BEATEN IN THE DIVORCE SUIT BY HER HUSBAND FOR INFIDELITY WITH REV. GOODELL.





A COWBOY'S AWFUL DEATH.

HOW HUGH CONNELLY VANISHED INTO A GULF OF FLAME, NEAR POWDER RIVER, WYOMING TERRITORY.



SHE HAD GRIT.

MRS. F. FERRIS, AFTER SAVING THREE CHILDREN FROM A HORRIBLE DEATH, SUFFERS SEVERE INJURIES AT SAN LUIS REY, CAL.



PROF. PEMBERTON PIERCE, THE CHOIR LEADER, ETC., WHO IS ACCUSED OF ELOPING WITH MISS YATES, PENNSGROVE, N. J.



GEORGE W. TYLER, THE FORMER ATTORNEY IN THE SHARON CASE, RECENTLY DISBARRED, SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.



JOHN ARENSDORF, THE BREWER WHO IS CHARGED WITH KILLING PROHIBITIONIST HADDOCK, DES MOINES, IA.



THEODORE FOSTER, WHO GETS A DIVORCE FROM HIS WIFE FOR ADULTERY, PROVIDENCE, R. I.



HE LIVES IN A TREE.

THE EXTRAORDINARY RESIDENCE OF ISAAC PARDEE, SUPPOSED INSANE, AT EAST HAVEN, CONNECTICUT.



# OFF HER BASE.

Beautiful Mrs. Prof. Emmons, of Washington, Has Adventures on Both Sides of the Ocean.

## HER CAPERS IN LONDON.

The Altogether Extraordinary Performances of a Lady Who Must Have a Slate Loose Somewhere.

In spite of their cousinly feeling for us, Englishmen thoroughly enjoy any opportunity to smile upon our weakness, and the luxury has been afforded them re-



[Her pretty make-up.

cently by the short, adventurous, and rather eccentric career in London of Mrs. Emmons, wife of Prof. Emmons, a Government Geologist at Washington. Mrs. Emmons arrived in London six weeks ago in company with Mrs. di Cormis of Washington, in whose charge the Professor placed her. The two ladies took rooms at the Midland Grand Hotel, a huge caravansary, where Mrs. Emmons developed some eccentric characteristics. She began by announcing her secession from Mrs. di Cormis as companion or guardian. It became necessary for Mrs. di Cormis to go somewhere else. After a short stop Mrs. Emmons was put out of the hotel. Among other pleas in defence of this step the proprietors asserted that Mrs. Emmons had made friends with the big Scotch porter in the hotel. She had encouraged that gentleman's liking for Scotch whiskey even beyond the bounds of friendly hospitality, and then she had hired a room for him near hers and nursed him through the results of his over-indulgence. This the proprietors declared was not in accord with their notions of conventionality.

After admission to Langham had been re-



[Her little German band.

fused to her, she took up her quarters at a little private hotel near Hyde Park kept by three very respectable and prim English women. She was accom-

panied thither by a young English lady who had been her guest at Washington, and whom she enlisted as companion. At this hotel Mrs. Emmons' conduct became more unconventional than before. It culminated in her ordering a German band to come and play beneath her balcony just before midnight. The band obeyed, attracting considerable attention, in the midst of which Mrs. Emmons appeared upon the balcony in her night dress, and, after addressing the band, threw them liberally handfuls of sovereigns. The three landladies were much shocked, called the police, and Mrs. Emmons was locked up in the police station at midnight.

Her telegraphic appeals for help were responded to by a clergyman, by a gentleman who was formerly Secretary of the British Legation at Washington, now



The reporter is requested to smoke through his nose.

as well about town, and by Mrs. di Cormis. The latter awakened Lieut. Chadwick of the American navy in Sloan street. He said he could do nothing, and recommended the case to Minister Phelps. The Minister was not at home, but Charles, his son, was awakened. He was indignant that his father should be wanted at the dead of night to bail some one out of the police station. In court next morning Mrs. Emmons was reprimanded by the Judge and discharged.

Immediately upon her release Mrs. Emmons showed her ingratitude by discharging Mrs. di Cormis again. That lady went to the American Consulate and told Gov. Waller she wanted Mrs. Emmons confined as insane. She showed a written document from Prof. Emmons conferring upon her all his authority as husband, including the right to confine his wife if necessary. Shortly afterward Mrs. Emmons came in and was very fierce. She wanted to know if the Consul-General meant to have her locked up, as she was not insane. A number of visits to Legation and Consulate followed, during which the occupants of



both places were kept in a state of great commotion.

At the Easton Hotel, where she remained after the German band incident, Mrs. Emmons was less erratic than she had been, but still she was erratic. She contracted for the purchase of horses, dogs, and carriages, and announced to Gov. Waller, whom she got to like, that she had hired a house at St. John's Wood for nine years, and paid £45 down. On her next visit she startled the Governor by saying she had taken passage and was going home. She sailed on Dec. 16 on the Lydian Monarch, whereon she had a deck cabin. The steamer is slow, but in the Consulate, where a feeling of rest pre-

valled, it is sincerely believed this will not be the slowest trip the Lydian Monarch ever made.

Some years ago Mrs. Emmons was said to be one of the many handsome women in Washington. She is

of Spanish descent, tall, dark, with perfect complexion, and is still very handsome. Seven or eight years ago her marked eccentricities caused her to be dropped out of society. Not long afterward she was placed in a private asylum by her husband. One of the ladies who befriended her to the last was Mrs. John A. Logan. Upon her release Mrs. Emmons was induced by her husband to go abroad under Mrs. di Cormis' care. Mrs. di Cormis sailed about the same date from Southampton. Mrs. Emmons appeared to be supplied with an unlimited amount of money and she spent it lavishly. She asserted that \$40,000 in Bell telephone stock formed a part of her fortune in her own right. Prof. Emmons arranged by cable to have testimony taken concerning his wife's actions to obtain, it is thought, ground for divorce or for her incarceration.



When the Lydian Monarch arrived in New York, Mrs. Emmons refused to go ashore with her husband, who met her. Landing in a small boat she took the midnight train for Washington, and went straight to the Riggs House, where she took rooms. She kept closely to her rooms and conducted herself like an ordinary guest. In the afternoon she sent half a dozen trunks over to New York, and announced her intention to return to England on the same steamship on which she came over. Her future movements seem to be involved in uncertainty, and friends of the family said that they would not venture to predict what the future would bring forth. Up to a late hour Prof. Emmons had not called to see his wife, and she had seen no other visitors.

A year ago Mrs. Emmons sent a messenger to the office of the Post with a notice for publication, declaring that she had obtained a legal separation from her husband. A reporter was sent to Mrs. Emmons' handsome residence, a few doors above Senator McPherson's house on Vermont avenue, to verify the message. Prof. Emmons was not at home and Mrs. Emmons was too ill to come down stairs, but she instructed the hall porter to show the visitor up to her room. The apartment was most fantastically dressed with Japanese fans, umbrellas, screens and curtains, and appeared to be a storehouse of foreign curiosities. The reporter sat down on a comfortable lounge, and waited patiently for the entrance of the lady, which he understood would be immediate, but he waited pretty nearly half an hour before she entered, and during that time the lady was engaged in an animated conversation with a number of dogs and other pets on the other side of the door. At length the door flew open amid great noise and bustle and confusion and barking of dogs. In came a group of servants carrying a wicker basket, in which was engaged a white, fur-covered animal with a long tail. It appeared afterwards that the animal was an Angora cat, and that the programme was to let the dogs go for the cage until it was about broken up, but that the cat was to be saved by tearing away the dogs before they could reach it. Behind the cat and the dogs and the servant came a lady with jet black hair, very much dishevelled, and hanging loosely down her back and about her shoulders. *Ophelia*, after the death of her father, never looked half so distracted. She wore a long loose crimson chamber robe. She stalked along slowly with an unnatural air of abstraction like a somnambulist or a spectre, only that she staggered a little and her eyes were like fixed stars. The reporter fancied the lady must be Mrs. Emmons. He bowed to her as she entered the room, repeating the bow several times, and addressed her as Madam and as Mrs. Emmons, but could get no recognition at that time.

Meanwhile the dogs tore the case and worried the long-tailed cat and kept up a howling, until at length the time had come for the servants to pick up the torn basket and the frightened cat and tear away the dogs. That part of the ceremonies of introduction being over, the lady in crimson staggered up to the astonished reporter. At first she surveyed him from head to foot with an eye of tragical severity, but after a while her drawn features relaxed and her stern look melted away into a bright smile. Then she drew a deep, heavy sigh, then laughed hysterically. These various moods and expressions alternated with the rapidity of a kaleidoscope. At length she spoke and said, "Won't you sit down?" at the same time seating herself upon a couch and throwing herself into a reclining attitude upon a pile of soft cushions. The reporter held in his hand the paper which the messenger had taken to the office of the Post for publication. All that the reporter wanted to learn was whether the message was authentic and the publication authorized. He put the question to the lady, but she evaded an answer. "I want to talk to you," she would say, and insisted upon talking upon all sorts of subjects, but particularly about travel. Sometimes her conversation was lucid, her language was always good, and occasionally she made some very bright remark.

In speaking about her rambles in Europe she used a good deal of French. She kept calling in her servants, who seemed to swarm around by the dozen, just for the purpose of ordering them out again. She filled the room full of cigarette smoke, and made the reporter smoke cigarettes, too, although she insisted upon smoking two for his one. She seemed to have an artist's taste about everything, and she had a great deal of trouble in teaching the visitor to smoke through the nose with any degree of elegance. Every time the reporter produced the paper which was the

cause of his visit the lady ordered up some fresh cigarettes and told some fresh stories about her adventures. Her stories all opened in a very intelligent and interesting way, but before she got to the close she always rambled away to some other subject, but in her many changes she never dropped the cigarette. At one point, to vary the entertainment, she produced a pot of honey, which she had received as a present from a friend. She would not use a spoon nor allow the use of one, but obliged her guest to eat the honey as she did, by dipping her fingers in the pot. At every opportunity the reporter sought to get in his question about the notice, but six hours did not suffice to get a direct answer to that question.

Among the numerous servants and attendants were two ladies of a superior order. They were "ladies' companions," or had been, but now they seemed to be, as far as it was possible to be, Mrs. Emmons' jailers. They supervised and intercepted her correspondence, regulated her communications with the outside world and, as far as it was possible, regulated her actions within the house. These were ordered in and out like the other servants, although the eccentric lady showed them more consideration. She told of her childhood in Canada and some of the wild freaks she played there, and of her ancestors, who were Spanish grandees when some of the South American republics were dependencies of the Spanish kingdom.

She rambled on in her strange fashion for hours, with hardly a break in her conversation, only pausing occasionally to tease the Angora cat which she held in her arms. She said she wanted it to bite her, as its



The hot Scotch porter.

bite was poisonous. Once she left the room for a minute, and on returning went to the window and got a handful of snow, which she threw on the reporter's head, laughing convulsively as she did it.

At last the reporter rose to go, when he found the doors of the room were locked. The eccentric lady's next move, was to produce a handbook of elocution and to organize a series of recitations. To encourage the others she read first herself. Then she made the others recite, and interrupted and lectured them, so that progress was slow. To vary the program she produced a big trombone and showed how, on returning from one of her trips to Europe, she had driven to the Cosmos Club in this city, at four or five in the morning, and startled not only her husband, who was a member of the club, but all the other members by her vigorous trombone performance on the sidewalk under the window where her husband slept. When she had succeeded in awakening everybody, when all the windows were up and a head out of every opening, she jumped into the cab which was waiting, and disappeared as she had come. It was only by a stratagem, by bribing one of the "lady's companions" to steal the key and open the door, that the reporter, who had called at seven in the evening to get a brief answer to a brief question, managed to escape at half past one in the morning.

## That Odd Skin Complaint.

Dr. J. V. Shoemaker, of Philadelphia, when shown a newspaper article giving the alleged wonderful case of a negro man and woman who had turned from



Her pets.

black to white and whose transformation could not be explained, said: "It is not an uncommon skin disease and is known as leucoderma. In white people the skin turns a milky white, but it is more noticeable in colored persons of course, owing to the contrast with the dark skin. The change of color is caused by the destruction or rather absorption of pigment, which is not formed again and is not painful. The disease can only be cured when it is attended at the very start. It is not fatal and the only bad effect is the deformity or piebald color it causes. It is quite common among the negroes in the South, where it is often produced by malaria."

What a poor wreck Selma Dolara has become! I saw her the other day on Broadway, and she was but a shadow of her former brilliant self. Perhaps this was true some time ago—but as a pleasant matter of fact "Dolly" is recovering quite fast, and, to the great delight of her friends, will soon be herself again.



# A SMART KID.

The Story of New York's Remarkable Boy Plunger.

## A NEWSBOY'S LUCK.

His Story of Adventure and Speculation.

There is a wide-awake boy in New York, who was born and brought up on Cherry Hill and started in life as a newsboy. At the opening of the racing season last spring all he had in the world was the clothes on his back and \$7 in cash. The *Word* tells the story of his experiences in his own words.

How I come to start was like this: Everybody in the Fourth Ward knows the Deweyers, and it got around that they was goin' to have horses entered at the spring meeting in Clifton. I had \$7 laid by and I thought I'd go in and try my luck. I went to Clifton the opening day and was burned the first thing. A colored fellow got me to put \$2 on Carle B. He said he'd slept with the boss for a week and it was a dead cinch, and I was just fresh enough to take the tip. Another coon asked me what I'd played and I told him.

"You're on a stiff," he says.

"What's that?" says I.

"The boss only wanted to find out how strong the wind was," said he.

Then I dropped on myself and stopped lookin' for tips. In the next race I got stuck on Cray's colors and put a couple of two-dollar tickets on 'im. He won and swelled me up to \$10.50. I had a couple o' dollars on some other stake that won that day and I quit about \$15 winner. I kept on going to Clifton till the meeting broke up and I was about \$50 ahead. Then I started in at Brighton Beach. The first day things went rocky and I dropped quite a stake, but after that I beat 'em right along, and when I began to crawl up to the hundred-dollar mark I started putting up \$5 a crack instead of two. I noticed that the favorites always run second, and I made a practice of playin' 'em for place. My first big stroke was when Jack-of-Hearts won and beat Joe Murray. I took me tip on the quiet from a party of bossmen, who were saying among themselves: "The Jack is hot rats to-day." I had three tickets on him and he won by a nose. I kept a-playin' the plugs at the Beach till Jerome Park opened and I sailed in there with \$125.

I heard so much about McLaughlin that I backed him, and he won me five races the first day. I tell you that jockey's a dandy, and he can ride for me like any day he wants to. That day wasn't the only money he brought me at Jerome, and at the end of the meet, when I went back to Cherry Hill, I was so well fixed that the gang went wild over me. I told 'em what corkin' sport horse racing was till they all wanted to be sports, and it cost 'em many a dollar afterwards. They didn't use good judgment, and had bad luck besides. Sheephead came after Jerome, and all you could hear there was Troubadour. I made my first plunge by puttin' up \$25 on 'im each way, getting odds of 6 to 1 straight and 2 1/2 to 1 for place. Then I was excited, and I tell you when he came in a winner I felt like I was saved from the gallows, and I threw up me hat so high that it landed on the track and I had to go home bareheaded. People thought I was crazy when I struck Cherry Hill that night, but when I set up a keg of beer in Murphy's Opera I was a bigger man than Pat Divver for at least three hours. After that every old woman I'd meet would be bracin' me for a barrel of flour or a load of coal, and the touches was always strikin' me for drinks, so I emigrated.

Luck followed me to Long Branch and back again to Sheephead, and before the close of the Eastern races I was putting up \$25 a crack and makin' as high as \$50 some days. The last good play I made was ten to one on Jim Gray. I see the jockey climbin' up on his ears, and couldn't make out how he'd lose. He win easy by about a length, with Guenn second. Towards the close of the season the sports were all talkin' about the races at Baltimore and Washington. I'd never been much on the travel. I'd been up on the steps at Weehawken and down to Coney Island, but outside o' that and the race tracks my experience was limited. I had an even \$1,000 in me pocket, and thought I'd take another whirl, but first I made up my mind to invest in a fly set o' togs. I dropped up into 'the bay' (Baxter street) and looked up Harris Cohen, bein' as he was something of a boss man himself, and he rigged me out in the checkerboard blue—something, you know, that could be seen a good ways off. I got me ticket and took a seat in the smoker as big as life.

I had me dust in me shoe, and me lamp was wide open. Holy gee! how we did spin through the big scenery! Then I got into a crap game and dropped \$10 before I knew it. The fellows called me a deck hand and I quit. It was 7 o'clock in the morning when we struck Baltimore, and I went to Barnum's Hotel with all the big sports. They give me a room and charged me \$3 a day, and they served up grub without a fly on it. It made me nervous when I first struck the table. The waiters was like princes, and one of them made a rush for me chair and shoved it under me when I went to sit down. The lay out was bang up, with silver casters, napkins and a little dish for butter at every plate. The waiter asked me what I'd have and I asked him what he'd got. At that he brought me the bill of fare, with everything in it, from quail on trust down to cold-beef hash. I took some of the hash with a couple of sparrows—red birds they call 'em down in Baltimore—and was pitchin' 'im into some grapes when a bon-ton sport from New York come in. I'd tell you his name, only he wouldn't like to have it in the paper.

"Hullo, chappie," he says. "What brings you here?"

"I come with the gang to beat the races," I says.

Then he got onto me eakin' grapes, and seein' I'd tackled the grub and was on the wind-up, he said as how it was proper to eat the grapes on the first off, and if I wouldn't mind he'd give me a few tips on style. He told me to put the curtain in me lap for a starter, and not try to stuff it down me neck, and to

begin breakfast on fruit, and after I'd swallowed it to wait for a new deal of plates. He said, too, not to butter a slice of bread all at once, because if it fell on the floor the dust'd stick to it, and to take off me dicer when I met ladies in the elevator or about the parlors. He wound up by tellin' me to stake the waiter and he'd treat me white. I promised the coon a bouquet that night, and after that there was nothin' in the house good enough for me.

There's as much difference between Washington and Baltimore as there is between New York and Hoboken. When I struck Washington I felt like a 2-year old. "Where shall we stop?" I says to the bon-ton sport.

"We'll go to Willard's," says he, "which is the best hotel in the place. It's where all the Congressmen, politicians, and big guns from all over the country stop. Style is half your life, my boy, and you always want to make a good front, even if you go broke. See?"

I had to pay \$4 a day for board and got everything bang up. The first day we got a plug to drive to the track that paced as though he'd had a bad night. We made a big bluff when we got back, though, and told the keeper if he'd give us something slick we'd give him a straight tip. After that he gave us Sorrel Jim, the fastest in the town, and we put dust in the eyes of everything on the road. At the track I followed McLaughlin's and Garrison's mounts, and win \$1,100. There's a good sportin' crowd in Washington, and the betting runs as high as \$1,000. There's lots of big turn-outs at the track, too, and more ladies than I ever see on a New York course.

After the racing was over we spent a couple o' days doin' the town. Six of us went up and shook hands with President Cleveland, and then made a break for the next biggest thing, which is the monument. I wrote my name on it and came near gettin' arrested. The copper said we was a lot o' blackguards, and rung in a charge on the Father of our Country, but I save him a couple of bad cigars from the Cherry Hill hose house, and he said we was all gentlemen, and he was sorry the elevator wasn't done, so he could take us to the top and give us the bull's-eye view of the city. From the monument we made the rounds of the Government buildings, and I got a look at our Congressman's seat in the House of Representatives, which Fatty Walsh had his eye on last campaign. I got into the Supreme Court by mistake, and I can tell you I was dead a-scared. They seven judges was so stiff and solemn that they rattled me, and when I come to you can bet I made my sneak and was glad to get out.

But I got the biggest thing comin' home. I made me first trip in a sleeper, and was completely knocked out. I got a ticket in the depot, and a porter met me outside and helped me carry me satchel aboard. The minute I got inside I began to look around for the bunks.

"I paid for a sleeper," says I to the porter.

"You're in one," says he.

"Now, see here, young fella," says I, "I didn't come all the way down from New York to stack up against no dead fake like this, and you can just shout that I don't sleep on none o' them seats. I put up for a bunk, and I get one or somethin' breaks." At that the porter let down one of the beds right before me eyes and I was knocked way out. Everybody in the car gave me the great guy and I chucked the porter a \$5 note. I had some difficulty in stowing myself away, and I didn't sleep very well, feeling a little bit nervous about me dust. It must 'a been about 4 o'clock in the morning that I started up just in time to see a coon sneakin' off with me shoes in his hand. I called to him and he came back.

"I'm on to you, young fellow," says I. "What do you mean by liflin' the shoes?"

"I only want to black um, sah," he says, and I let 'im take 'em.

Well, there's no place like New York, after all, and it's a bloom-in' chump would live anywhere else. I'll stack up against a school this winter, and get a little book learnin', and in the spring I'll have a good little boodle for a starter and play the bosses once more.

## DIED OF RUM.

[Subject of Illustration.]

The story of a barbarous crime comes from Junction City, thirty miles from Danville, Ky. On Christmas night the body of W. T. Clarkson was found lying bruised and bleeding in the rear yard of a saloon. Mr. Clarkson had been a strong advocate of prohibition, and it was known that for several years he has not tasted a drop of liquor, although he had once been a heavy drinker. On Christmas morning Mr. Clarkson went on business to the house of Dan Twaddle, foreman of the stove factory where he was employed. After much persuasion and chiding Twaddle induced Clarkson to taste a glass of egg-nogg. A second and third glass followed, until Clarkson became tipsy. Then they went to a barroom, where he swallowed drink after drink, until he sank unconscious to the floor.

The crowd that had collected to enjoy the fun then lifted the helpless and dying man into an express wagon, on which they painted the sign: "Sacred to the Memory of Prohibition—Died Dec. 25." The wagon was then driven about the streets until nightfall, when the body of the man, stiff in death, was thrown into the yard where it was found.

## FIGHT AMONG POLICEMEN.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Many minor incidents of late have shown that there was ill feeling existing among certain members of the police force, Springfield, Ohio. Inspector McKay and Chief Walker have not spoken since the unpleasantness between them at the State encampment. The pent-up police storm culminated the other night at headquarters, and is the most disgraceful row ever known among officers of the law in the city. The details of the row are about as follows: Inspector McKay came into police headquarters at 7 o'clock in a half-drunken condition and called Officer McClure into the court room to censure him for going to a ball in Xenia. The two men had some words, after which McKay went back to headquarters and began a fuss with Officer Rizer, accusing him of not performing his duty during a fight at the colored ball on Friday evening.

"You're a liar if you say I didn't do my duty," replied the accused officer. At this McKay jumped on Rizer and proceeded to pummel him in a merciless manner on the head. Officer Gregory came to the rescue and tried to pull the men apart, but he could do nothing with them. The noise attracted the attention of Mayor Goodwin, and he came running into headquarters, and seeing the disgraceful state of

affairs, demanded order, but he might as well have spoken to two fighting dogs.

McKay finally let go of Rizer and went to the mayor and made some remarks, interspersed with oaths, to the effect that he did not care whether he was discharged or not. The mayor replied that he wanted his resignation immediately, as his conduct for some time had been anything but that befitting an officer, much less an inspector. The men went to the marshal's office, when the latter remarked that he didn't want any fighting in his room. At this McKay turned on him, and the marshal grabbed an iron poker and began to strike at him. At this juncture Waskey struck the marshal a couple of brutal blows on the face, knocking him down. Officers Nicklas and Mast made a grab at McKay, when Officer Norton came in and separated them. Officer Waskey walked over to the chief's room and laid his club, badge and handcuffs down on the table, declaring that he would never walk the beat again. Mayor Goodwin was utterly powerless to stop the row. He made several demands upon the officers present to arrest and lock Inspector McKay up, but no one did it. Realizing his helplessness to quell the ruffianly proceedings, and aware of the disgrace attached thereto, the mayor was overcome, sat at a table and, burying his face in his hands, wept. When questioned about his probable action, he refused to intimate what would be done. Marshal Hughes was not seriously hurt. In the melee his game foot suffered some. He went home early. Chief Walker was present, but took no part in the proceedings.

## TOM EAVES.

[With Portrait.]

Every sporting man in Philadelphia knows Tom Eaves. He patronizes sport in all its branches, and is to be seen at all gatherings, no matter whether it is a chicken fight, a pigeon shooting match, or a dog race or prize fight. He is a good judge of a running dog and frequently furnishes stakes in many an important match. Eaves is very popular with all classes in the Quaker City, and well known in this city, Baltimore and Washington.

## THE PINKERTONS.

"This," said Robert Pinkerton on Xmas Eve, "will be the most glorious Christmas I have ever had." He had climaxed five weeks of indefatigable work upon one of the great crimes of the century with a capture. He had the man who had committed the great Adams express robbery in his hands. He had his accomplices and a good share of the plunder. The exclamation showed the loftiness of Robert Pinkerton's professional character. Another great crime had been unravelled. It made the day a glorious one for the descendant of the greatest criminal investigator of his age. Robert Pinkerton, a relative says, has been so wrought up as he followed the devious leads of this great robbery; has at times been so certain of success, yet so fearful of failure that even with a capture almost certain the prey might escape, that he has been like a man in a delirium. He has walked his chamber at night and has tossed and muttered in his sleep. His thought all the time has been to add another honor to the rank already enjoyed by his father's name. Robert Pinkerton is a middle-sized, well-built man with light hair, fair complexion, and a matter-of-fact air. He dresses well and looks for all the world like a rich broker or a prosperous lawyer. There is not in his face, or manner, or talk, or dress anything to suggest professionalism. That is not the case with William, the Chicago brother. He is a handsome man and of finer figure; but he has an official air. His eye and brows and forehead would all suit the villain in a play. A critical look at William would lead anybody to guess him a detective. Robert dresses less expensively than William, but dresses better. Nobody by looking would ever guess that the New York man was a pursuer of criminals. The difference in style has been brought about by the different duties that Allan Pinkerton, their father, assigned to them. Robert was early posted off to New York to run that very important department. He had to do his own devising, and get others to execute. Allan remained here and set William to executing his plans, and at this he became very skillful. William Pinkerton knows every notable criminal in the country, and most of those in England. He has been across the ocean a score of times, and is half as familiar with Scotland Yard and its faces as he is with the criminal history of this country. This acquaintance of William's is everywhere acknowledged as simply marvelous. He actually acquired it nearly all at 178 South Clark street, where McDonald for twenty years had "The Store." It took twenty years of indefatigable hanging about to master the faces and habits of the crooked men of this country. In all this long association William could not but wear off a little of the polish and savoir-faire which his father's money and position would have entitled him to. But naturally he had the heavy Scotch face of the father. A daughter of Allan, and a sister of William and Robert, who is married to Chalmers, the rich manufacturer of mining machinery, has also the handsome figure and eyes of the father. When the father died he left property that, well administered, turned out about \$350,000. This made a comfortable fortune for the widow and daughter. Allan directed that the sons, William and Robert, should inherit the business after the mother had been paid \$50,000 out of it. The old gentleman was of the opinion that it would take at least four years for that \$50,000 to be saved and paid over. The fact is that it was cleared and paid in a single year. It was the most successful twelve months of the famous agency. The railroads were in trouble with their striking employees from one end of the country to the other. The coal mines were in the same plight. There were months during that year through which the Pinkertons had a thousand men on their pay-roll for which they got \$5 per day per man. It was a turbulent year for employers, and in turbulent times the Pinkertons have thrived.

## ANOTHER COACHMAN.

Miss Eunice Hill, one of the fairest daughters and the belle of all the towns in the State of Connecticut, has eloped with her father's coachman. He is a young fellow named Frederick Hicks, aged about 23 years, and has been in her father's employ for about fourteen months, and held the ribbons over Mr. Hill's coach horses, which have always created more notice than the man in livery on the box.

Miss Hill was graduated from the Danbury high school with great honors. She taught a class in her church's Sunday school, and being wealthy, was also looked upon with something akin to awe and pride

by the villagers. She is a blonde, good looking, faultless in form, very bright and vivacious.

The first suspicion that anything was wrong reached the father's ears several months ago, when it was noticed by some of the young lady's friends that she had taken a great liking to her father's coachman, who in turn fairly adored her.

Mr. Hill was greatly enraged over the affair, and promised his informers that he would first cowhide his altogether too persistent coachman and then kick him from the premises. One day soon after it transpired that Mr. Hill made preparations for carrying out his threat, but the news came to his daughter's ears, who vowed that she would not only prevent it, but if he continued in his threats against her lover would marry him at once. This threat made by the daughter to her father had the desired result, as it would ruin the family pride forever if a daughter was to marry a coachman.

Hill told his daughter that if she would behave herself he would retain the coachman. This promise he kept and Miss Eunice was content. She showed this fact in many ways during the preceding months in the way of moonlight rides and many other acts which were all duly noticed and discussed by the village gossips of Redding and the neighboring towns.

The father of the girl became almost broken-hearted over the matter, and one day recently called his daughter to task for her conduct and again bade her not to bring shame and grief to her loving father. She burst into tears, admitted that she was doing wrong and consented to let her father discharge the coachman. This he did, and the coachman left Mr. Hill's employ. He went to Bethel and obtained employment in rubbing down horses in a livery stable. The parting of the two is said to have been very touching.

The hostler vowed he would wed Miss Hill in spite of all before the old year had gone out. Miss Hill, during the absence of her lover, kept up a communication by letter, but she became despondent and melancholy and refused to move in the social circle planned by her father, who thought she had banished her suitor forever from her thoughts; and he hoped to never again see him.

But the gentleman was mistaken, for Hicks made his appearance Saturday and called for Mr. Hill. He begged to be taken back in his employ, but this Mr. Hill refused to do, and bade him begone. He went, but took Miss Eunice Hill along with him. Miss Hill, while her father was in conversation with her lover, had, according to arrangements, stolen out of the mansion and got into her lover's carriage. The couple drove off and at once proceeded to Brewster's, hotly pursued by the enraged father, who was loud in his maledictions against the man who brought dishonor to the family.

Miss Hill and the coachman reached Brewster's first and were at once made husband and wife. The father's wrath, it is said, cannot be appeased.

## FICKLE FORTUNE'S FAVORS.

The Colored Race in Luck—Ex-Gov. Warmoth's Former Coachman Secures One-Tenth of the Capital Prize of \$150,000 in the Louisiana State Lottery.

In the recent drawing of the Louisiana State Lottery Co., held on the 14th inst., No. 93,174 won the capital prize, and part of this ticket, it was announced, had been sold in the city of New Orleans. Next day Mr. Bendernagel, an esteemed local notary public, announced over his signature that he had been paid, "on account of one of his clients," the amount due for one-tenth of the capital prize. There was a find, but it was evident from the tenor of the certificate that the winner did not desire the publication of his name. Was it only a bluff? Here was the rub. But the *Pelican* is a fly bird, and not easily caught with chaff. It had determined to probe the mystery to the bottom, and it was going to do it. It meant to beat the daisy reporters of the great daily papers, and it has done it. It instituted a still hunt, and after patient search it succeeded. The man who won the \$15,000 lives, exists, and has a being. His name is Daniel Jones. He is a colored man of excellent reputation, and resides on Gasquet street, and can be seen at his place of business at Theo. Dumas' furniture store, No. 237 Royal street, where he is at present employed. The *Pelican* regrets not to have as yet made the acquaintance of a man upon whom fortune has so deservedly smiled, but it did the next best thing to it by seeing his wife, Mrs. Jones not being at home. Mrs. Jones, who was just moving into her new residence, was found to be a comely and intelligent lady of perhaps 35 years of age. She received the *Pelican* very kindly, and cheerfully furnished all the information in her power. Her husband, who is 57 years of age, had not told her where he purchased his ticket, nor anything about it, until the golden shower poured into their laps so unexpectedly, and just in the nick of time, a mortgage upon their property of \$1,200 having been foreclosed, and they having been in imminent danger of losing it. Her husband was born in Louisville, Ky., but had lived in this city for many years. He had always been a hard-working laboring man, had worked for railroads for many years, and had been employed in the Custom-house and United States Mint. He had also been the private coachman of ex-Gov. Warmoth, but Mrs. Jones did not care to have this fact mentioned, as it might hurt their reputation as old and respectable citizens. The *Pelican*, however, begs pardon of the lady for mentioning the fact, even against her wish, it being fully germane to the subject, and whatever may be the ex-Governor's merits or demerits, there could no disgrace attach to honest labor, even in his employ. Mrs. Jones herself was born and bred in this city, and was a Miss Jones before she married. They had been married for a number of years, and had two children, boys, of 16 and 12 years respectively, who have been attending Straight University.

While grateful to a kind Providence for this bountiful gift, these good and deserving people appear to have in no wise "got above themselves" by their good luck. They have kept right on working, and have not even as yet marked out any plan for the employment of their wealth, except that Mr. Jones has resolved upon a visit to Louisville, where resides his only living relative, a sister, whom he has not seen for twenty years.

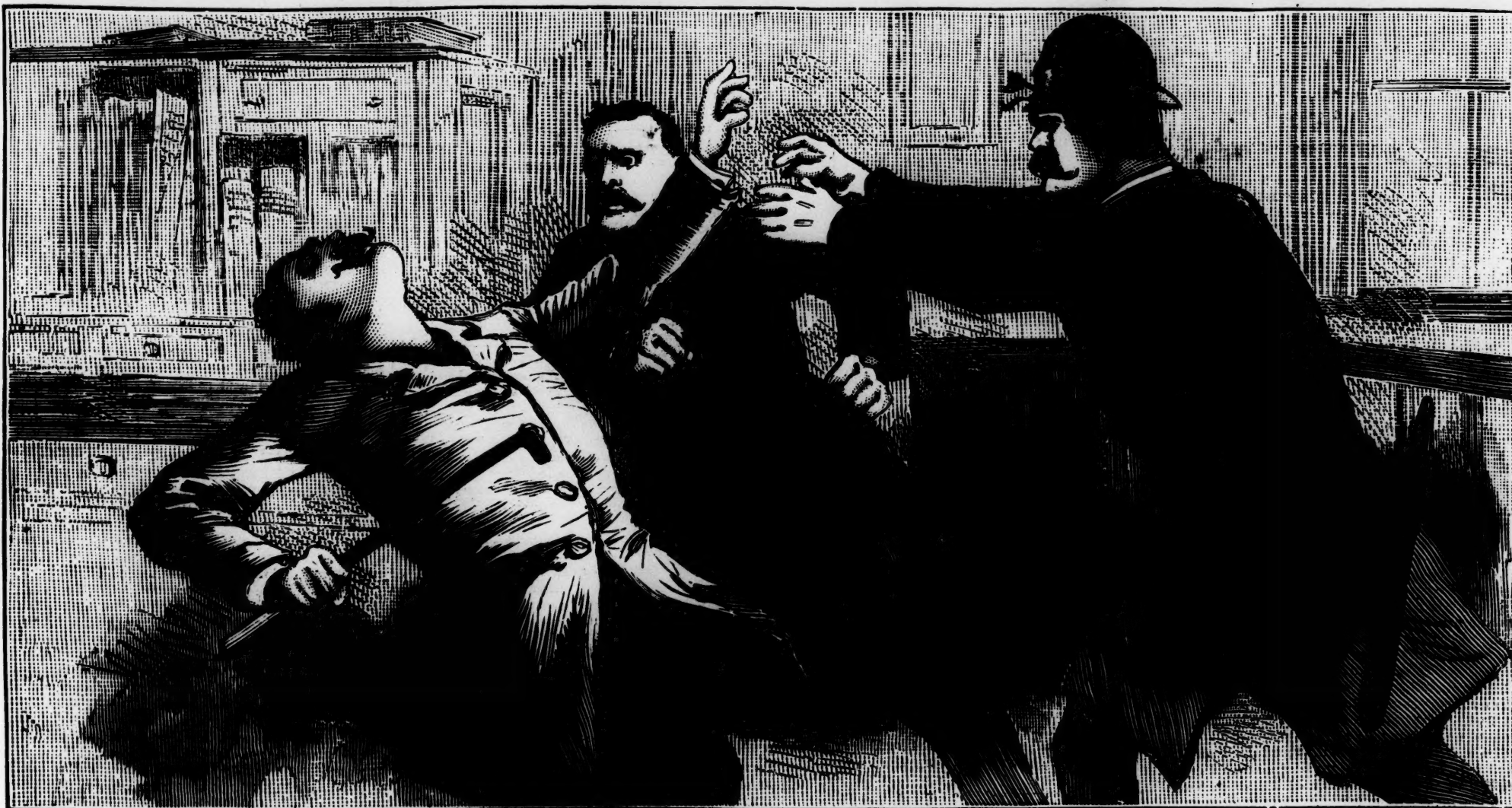
It would thus appear that fortune, although described as blind, has not made a mistake this time, but that her blessings have fallen into the hands of worthy people, who will know how to make a good and sensible use of them.—*New Orleans (La.) Pelican*, Dec. 26, 1886.





"JIM BLUDSOE" IN REALITY.

THE CAPTAIN OF THE BURNING STEAMER SIR JOHN STICKS TO HIS WHEEL AND BUNS HER ASHORE NEAR ST. JOHN, N. B.



THE "FINEST" KIND OF COPPERS.

HOW THE POLICE OF SPRINGFIELD, OHIO, INDULGE DURING BUSINESS HOURS IN A REGULAR OLD TIME 'SHINDIG.



WITHIN AND WITHOUT.

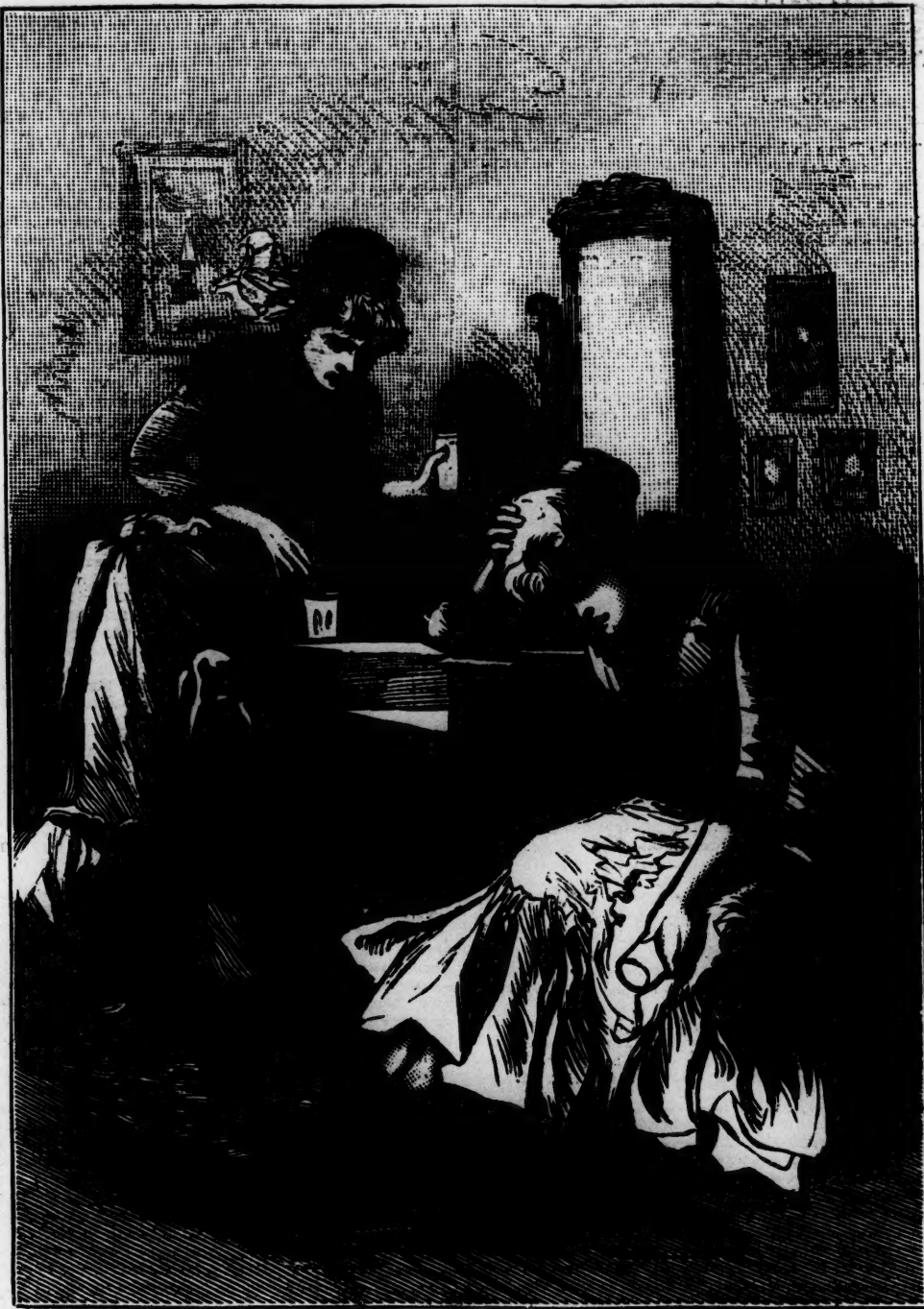
THE KIND OF ENTERTAINMENT OFTEN PROVIDED FOR A GANG OF HACKMEN BY THE "SWELL" LADY DINERS IN DELMONICO'S RESTAURANT.





THE LATEST AGONY.

HOW THE DUDES OF CHICAGO EMBRACE EACH OTHER WHENEVER TWO OF THEM MEET.



UNITED EVEN IN DEATH.

PRETTY SADIE BIGELOW AND LIZZIE HART OF BOSTON, MASS., COMMIT SUICIDE TOGETHER BY TAKING RAT POISON.



WALTER L. BINGHAM'S VICTIM.

HOW THE BODY OF POOR LIZZIE TURLINGTON WAS DISCOVERED BY A NEGRO IN THE WOODS BETWEEN RALEIGH AND DURHAM, N. C.



## PUGILISTIC NEWS.

## A Close and Accurate Resume of the Arenic Events of the Week.

Paddy Ryan is keeping a saloon on Market street, San Francisco, and doing a better business than many of the sporting saloons longer established. Recently he was offered \$500 a week to travel with the Sullivan combination. The position would require him to stand up before Mr. Sullivan every night, the latter trying to knock him out in four rounds.

At South Oyster Bay, L. I., on Dec. 27, Ben Clark, of Philadelphia, and Johnny Alberts, of Hempstead, middle weights, fought to a finish for \$100 in the dining room of a hotel. Five rounds were fought, principally slugging. Clark knocked Alberts over the ropes in the fifth round, and the latter failed to come to time. Clark was declared the winner.

Just before the Burke and Dempsey combination left Omaha Ed. Rothery, backer of Jack Hanley, the pugilist, met Patsy Fallon, the well known boxer, in the rotunda of the Merchants Hotel and accused him of having prompted the publication of an article with a view to injuring him (Rothery) in the estimation of sporting men. Fallon denied the soft impeachment, and Rothery called him a blank, double blank liar. Then Fallon's scented right hand flew out, and Rothery staggered back with a badly-disfigured eye. A brother of the assaulted man jumped forward to strike Fallon, but was caught and held by Dempsey, and further hostilities were prevented by the logical reasoning of the champion.

A desperate prize fight was fought in Pittsburg on Dec. 29, between William White, an Englishman, and Peter Baker a German. The principals are iron workers and powerfully built men. Some time ago they had a disagreement, and it was decided to settle the question of superiority according to the rules of the London prize ring. At the outset White showed his superiority, but Baker was game, and held up under the terrible punishment for twenty-one rounds, when he had to succumb. The fight lasted three-quarters of an hour, and was pronounced by the spectators to be the bloodiest battle fought in those parts for several years. White was terribly exhausted when he gave up. Baker was also badly used up, but was still able to fight many more rounds.

The "Daily News," N. Y. Dec. 29, says: "At nearly every race meeting, prize fight and cocking main there can be seen the good natured face of Mark Maguire, the oldest sporting man in this city, barring Johnny Ling. With his gold pencil, presented to him by Tom Iyer, and his gold-rimmed eye glasses, presented to him by John Lawrence (John Morrissey's trainer), he takes notes for the New York Sun, which paper he has been connected with for the past two decades. At a recent mill fought on Long Island he was referee, and the last time we caught a glimpse of the sporting patriarch he was time-keeper at an upturn glove fight. Maguire knows more about prize fighting and sporting matters than any man in New York, yet he never makes himself important at sporting gatherings, nor tries to make strangers believe he is a distinguished genius because he represents a newspaper. What a contrast between this veteran and some others who wield a pen."

On January 1, at Milford, Conn., Joe Mullin, of Weymouth, and John Crohan, of Milford, fought according to "Police Gazette" rules for \$150. As there were only \$127 in the stakeholder's hands the fifty sports present contributed enough to make up \$140.50, and the two pugilists took off their superfluous clothing and began the fight. In the first and second rounds Mullin pounded away at Crohan's ribs and finally knocked him down. In the third round Crohan gained a knock-down blow. The round ended in a clinch and fully half the spectators were fighting with clubs and bottles when the fourth round was called. For the next 3 rounds Mullin continued to reach his antagonist's ribs, trying to wind him. Crohan's body looked like a tattooed man when he came up for the seventh round, but he took his punishment in good style. He was still vigorous at the opening of the eighth round and was doing some good close range work on Mullin's face, when Jim Connelly, Crohan's backer, rushed in and demanded fair play. Mullin charged Connelly with hitting him twice. Connelly said he lied. A free fight followed, and it lasted for 30 minutes, and there were several swelled heads and dislocated thumbs among those who were present.

At Butte City on Dec. 21, John L. Sullivan called at Albert's, on Main street, to bid Smiling Albert, who is a prominent citizen, good bye. As the champion was about to leave, Smiling Albert stepped forward and, in a neat little speech, presented him with a magnificent specimen of copper matte from the Parrott Smelter. It is unique in the eye of Montana men, and will be a curiosity in lead in Sullivan's home. In presenting it Smiling Albert feigningly alluded to their personal relations, and asked him to accept it as a token that Montana, the gem, and Butte City, the greatest mining camp of all, bid him farewell with regret, and would receive his return with joy. When Albert handed the elegant specimen, which is as large as a hat, and in shape like a growing sponge, Mr. Sullivan showed great feeling and accepted it with unsteady voice. He said the character of the gift, the man who gave it and the occasion all satisfied him that it was friendship's genuine offer. That he would carefully take it to his New England home and place it safely among his cherished mementoes, where, in his lifetime, it will bring up the recollection of his pleasant visit, and after his days are ended testify to the dear ones left behind of the good-will of Butte people, and his friend, Smiling Albert. It was an incident fully enjoyed by all present.

A terrific fistio encounter was decided at Woodford, Ill., on Dec. 29, between Billy Myer, of Streator, and Charley Daly, of St. Louis. The men fought according to London prize ring rules for \$500 a side. Only a limited crowd secured the tip to the trying place, and those who failed missed a capital mill. Daly weighed 146 pounds, and many supposed he would Sullivanize Myer, who scaled 140 pounds, just 6 pounds avoirdupois less than the St. Louis middle weight champion. Besides the stakes the money derived from sale of tickets was to go to the winner, so that the prize, let alone the fame, was well worth contending for. The battle, after it commenced, was one of the most desperate ever witnessed in that section of the country. From the first to the tenth round Daly tried to win by Myer hardly at attempting to strike him in the face; but, finding this of no avail, he changed his tactics and tried to get in a knock-out blow. In the fifteenth round Daly hit Myer a stunning blow between the eyes, but Myer came to the scratch on time. At this time both men were covered with blood, and their eyes almost swollen shut, but they came to time, and hard fighting was the rule until the thirty-second round. Then Myer struck Daly a powerful blow on the neck which spun him around like a top. He fell with outstretched arms on the floor and was unable to rise at the call of time. After allowing him 5 seconds more the fight was given to Myer.

Johnny Reagan, of Brooklyn, called at the "Police Gazette" office January 4 and posted \$100 with Richard K. Fox and left the following note for McAuliffe to crack:

BROOKLYN, N. Y., Jan. 4, 1887.

To the Sporting Editor:  
Dear Sir—I have heard so much newspaper talk about Jack McAuliffe's fighting abilities that I am anxious to meet him in the arena in a contest with or without gloves. Some time ago I personally called on McAuliffe and notified him that I was ready to arrange a match to fight him for any reasonable amount. He says: "Go to the Police Gazette office, put up your money and I will cover it." I called at the Police Gazette office, posted a forfeit, and McAuliffe failed to cover it. Since then McAuliffe has made no pretensions of arranging a match, although he informs his friends that he can conquer me. Now, to see if McAuliffe is the great boxer he claims, I hereby challenge him to fight me a fair stand up fight according to either London prize ring rules or revised Queensbury rules, six weeks from signing articles for the sum of \$500 a side open for \$1,000 a side. To prove that I mean business, my backer has deposited \$100 forfeit with Richard K. Fox. If McAuliffe is anxious to sustain his reputation, he will cover the money and name a time and place to arrange the match. To show that I mean business I will agree that Richard K. Fox shall select the battle ground, hold the stakes and appoint the referee, which will prevent any fizzle after the match is made. An early reply from McAuliffe will be quickly attended to.

JOHN REAGAN.

One of the first glove contests fought this year was the battle (and it was in every respect a battle) between Joe Lannon, the "Hammer," of Boston, and Jack Kelly, the "Cast Iron Man," of Port Richmond, Penn., fought at the Theatre

Comique, Philadelphia, on Jan. 1. Kelly works every day in a foundry, and yet he is always ready to enter the ring when notified that he is wanted, no matter who the gladiator is that Hon. Thomas Ryan desires him to meet. The announcement that Kelly was to meet Lannon caused quite a flutter among sporting circles in the Quaker City, where boxing is now all the rage, and a tremendous crowd packed the cosy theatre. Lannon is heavier, more muscular, and more matured than the bold Kelly, and the majority of the audience who knew that the pug were both out for the money, made Lannon the favorite. After the ball opened, and Dominick McCaffrey had called time, Lannon's followers and partisans had a surprise party they were not expecting. The men fought with small gloves according to rules which specify that each round shall last three minutes and that there shall be one minute rest between each. In the first round, although Lannon had weight, height, muscle and length of reach in his favor, Kelly's pluck and dogged determination gave him a decided advantage. Lannon would rush like a bull at a gate at Kelly, delivering terrific blows that either missed their mark or were stopped by the cast iron man's solid generalship. Kelly fought on the defensive during the first two rounds, allowing Lannon to do all the fighting and exert himself, while he kept his strength until he thought it would be the most needful and necessary. In the third round, when many supposed that Lannon would end the contest by either stopping or knocking out Kelly, the latter shifted the cut and made his run to use a turf phrase. He exchanged blow for blow with the hammer, up cut and cross countered him with left and right, until the round was ended and he retired to his corner like a gladiator who was about to grasp the victorious laurel wreath, and a tremendous cheering. Even Dominick McCaffrey, who filled the position of referee, was surprised. After the men walked to the center for the next set, the excited audience watched every movement of the modern gladiators with bated breath. Lannon had been sailing under scaled orders, and he now went right to work to broadside Kelly, and he let go his left with wicked intent, but before it reached its mark, Kelly was in at close quarters doing the tattoo cleverly on Lannon's vanguard department until both closed, and the referee ordered them to break away. After a flag of truce, again the bugle sounded advance, and both men again met, and it was hammer and tongs, Kelly having the best of the clean hitting, when time was up. Shouts of Kelly and tremendous applause followed when McCaffrey declared the battle a draw.

The great Boston prize fight fizzle was enough one would have supposed for those who promote and patronize ring matters, but the sport-patronizing denizens of Minneapolis have received a dose of the same kind of medicine.

Billy Bradburn and Pat Kilien had arranged a match to engage in a genuine glove contest, and many who supposed the affair would be a great fistic event paid their money readily to witness the affair. Nearly two thousand persons attended the affair, but how they were gulled by two men who, from the liberal patronage they have time and again received, should have been the last to figure in such a fizzle. A long wait of nearly 30 minutes followed after the last contest before Kilien who came from the dressing room first, appeared. The intense cold of the rink was not thoroughly enjoyable, and this added to the anger manifested later. Bradburn soon followed. The difference between the men was apparent. Kilien stands 6 feet 1½ inches in height and weighs 200, while Bradburn is 5 feet 9½ inches high and tips the beam at 170. It was now plainly to be seen that a "scheme" had been made up before they came on, because of the size of the gloves, which were 6 ounces, the same as the two boys had been doing in the first contest. A man named Ryan appeared at the ropes and stated that when Bradburn had made the contest it was expected that there would be a \$3,000 house. "No man," he said, "with a reputation like Kilien or Bradburn could afford to risk it with a \$500 house." The men had decided to spar 5 rounds. Then the audience began to see how badly they were duped. They had paid the admittance fee to see the advertised fight of 8 rounds, and did not purpose to witness a 5-round sparring match with 6-ounce gloves, and expressed their disapproval in various ways. Here was Kilien's opportunity. Had he stepped to the front of the stage and declared that he was ready to carry out the programme as advertised, he would, even if defeated, have to-day been considered, next to the champion, the best man in the country, and his praise would have been on every tongue. Instead, however, he sat in his corner and made no attempt to pacify the now thoroughly enraged audience. It would have been better if he had left the ring. "Time" was called by an "unknown" referee and the first round was the tamest of the evening. Cries similar to the following went up all over the house: "Don't risk your rep." "Get a boy to knock out Bradburn." "Kill him, Kilien, and we will give you \$500." "Knock him out, Kilien, and we'll give you a purse." Frank Ryan flattered and fro between the two, and attempted to play the monkey, by humorous remarks, but he was promptly squelched. Most of the audience rose to their feet to leave the hall, and their movement was followed by the rest. Men did go out. The other four rounds were fought (?) and the men left the ring. There is not the slightest argument that would cause either Bradburn or Kilien. They had advertised to give a certain programme, and made their prices of admission. An audience of even half the size as had gathered that evening would have a right to demand what they had paid for, and if the men had not wanted to fight they had no right to take the gate money.

Judging from the movements of the great guns of the prize ring and their backers on the other side of the fish pond, there are bright prospects that before many moons Jim Smith, England's present champion, and John Kilfison, the 81-tonner, and Charley Mitchell will visit this country. It will be remembered that Smith and Kilfison were recently matched to fight for \$200 a side and the championship, and the affair created no little excitement among sporting circles, both in this country and in England. Smith was a heavy favorite, and hundreds of pounds were put up at odds of £100 to £70 that he would defeat the 81 tonner, but, through the indiscreet modus operandi of the backers of Kilfison, three attempts to bring off the battle proved futile. Smith, being eager to still keep mounting the pugilistic ladder until the top rung was reached, decided to ignore Kilfison and his queer backers, and direct his attention in another direction. He was well aware that in America Richard K. Fox had a diamond belt valued at \$2,500, which was offered for any two gladiators to contend for, and the belt was the emblem of the heavy-weight championship of the world, and had never been fought for. After holding a consultation with Charley Mitchell, the Adonis of the prize ring, and George W. Atkinson, of the "Sporting Life," London, and the "Police Gazette" regular correspondent, Smith decided to visit the United States, to claim the championship trophy and meet Sullivan, Knifton or any man who is willing to face him in the orthodox 24-foot ring for the championship. After Smith had decided upon his future plans he formed a partnership with Charley Mitchell and George W. Atkinson. On Jan. 3 he cabled the following to this paper:

Richard K. Fox, Police Gazette, New York:

Jim Smith, the champion of England, having failed to make John Knifton, the 81-tonner, meet him in the ring for the championship of England, has notified Knifton that he is going to the United States and if Knifton desires to meet him he will have every opportunity on American soil without interference. Smith will sail from Liverpool Jan. 29 with Mitchell, and on Smith's arrival he will claim the "Police Gazette" diamond belt and fight Sullivan and all comers.

Later another cable was received. The following is a copy: It is now certain that Charley Mitchell will accompany Jim Smith to America. John Knifton desires me to ask you to send for him to fight Smith on American soil, and force Smith to meet him. He claims he can beat Smith and the latter is afraid and is running away to America. He is confident of defeating Smith.

GEORGE W. ATKINSON, Sporting Life.

The unsatisfactory way in which the prize fight between Jim Smith and John Knifton ended in England reminds us that there was the same kind of fizzle in England in 1867. Jim Maco matched Joe Wormald to fight Ned O'Baldwin for £200 and the champion belt. The fight did not take place. By some collusion among the sharper members of the crowd, O'Baldwin got left, for the stakeholder gave the stakes to Wormald because O'Baldwin was not at the proper starting place. The Irish Giant then came to this country, and the English sporting press claimed that he was afraid to meet Wormald. Later Wormald followed O'Baldwin to this country and challenged the Irish Giant to fight and a match was made. Smith is now coming to this country, and it is more than likely that Knifton will follow him as Wormald did O'Baldwin, and again history will repeat itself. In 1868 when the rival champions of England arrived in this city great interest was manifested over the pugilistic invasion, and the arrival of Knifton, preceded by Smith, will give pugilism another great boom. Knifton will follow or precede Smith as Knifton's the 81-tonner's, expenses, have been defrayed by a prominent sporting man of this city.

## SPORTING NEWS.

## AGENTS WANTED.

A smart, energetic man wanted in EVERY TOWN AND VILLAGE IN THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA to sell the "Police Gazette" where there is no regular newsdealer. Sample Copies and Advertising matter MAILED FREE on application. RICHARD K. FOX, Editor and Proprietor, Franklin Square, New York.

Slosson and Eugene Cartier have been matched to play shortly in St. Louis.

Axel Paulsen, the speedy Norwegian skater, who disputes the world's championship with Hugh McCormick, of St. John, N. B., is on his way to America.

Carter and Gallagher have been matched to play a \$500 point fourteen-inch ball-line game, for \$500 a side in St. Louis. Last winter Gallagher beat Carter easily.

Geo. W. Trumbo, of Baltimore, a well-known sporting man, and one of the deputy sheriffs of the Monumental City, called at the Police Gazette office last week.

In England, Mitchell has challenged W. J. Peall to play him a 10,000 point game, spot barred, for one or two hundred pounds a side. Peall beat John Roberts, the champion, in their great 12,000 point game by 89 points. Peall receiving 4,000.

Jack Dempsey, the middle weight champion, accompanied by Denny Costigan, called at the Police Gazette office on January 3. Dempsey has increased in weight and looks bigger and stronger than when he left this city. He still has the "Police Gazette" Diamond Belt, and thousands have viewed the trophy since Dempsey has held it.

Jacob Schaefer has been trying for a year past to introduce a new ball line game. He divides the table into four parts, drawing a line through the centre from the ends and sides. But one shot will be permitted in each compartment. This, it will be seen, will be a difficult game, requiring good nursing and general all-round billiards. This, the champion says, will test the skill of any player and put an end to big runs.

Sporting men from North Adams, Adams, Pittsfield, and vicinity visited Lebanon, N. Y., on Dec. 28, with twenty-five cocks, which fought a mail for large stakes in a farmer's barn. The main was between the Van Deusen's, owned at Housatonic and the Cassidy's, owned at Pittsfield. North Adams sports won \$475 on one fight, and that was the only battle the Van Deusen's won. Pittsfield men lost heavily, and about \$2,000 changed hands.

The following are the winnings of the great trotters during 1886: Harry Wilkes, record 2:14½, won \$17,845 during the season of 1886; Oliver K., 2:16½, won \$10,720; Charley Hilton, 2:17½, \$4,565; Guy Wilkes 2:15½, \$4,280; Gossip, Jr., 2:14 pacer, \$3,730; Arab, 2:17¼, \$3,600; Belle F., 2:15½, \$3,260; and Joe Davis, 2:17½, \$3,195. Last year Joe Davis headed the list with \$11,472.50, Harry Wilkes following with \$8,508. In 1884 Harry headed the list with \$11,510, so that his earnings in purses alone during the three years he has been on the turf amount to \$37,863.

The great cocking main between New Jersey and Long Island was fought on New Year's Day in New Jersey. The articles of agreement called for 13 birds a side between the weights of 4 lbs. and 5 lbs. 8 oz. to fight all that fell in or matched, within two ounces in weight, for \$100 a battle and \$500 the main. A well known old time chicken fancier consented to act as the referee. A large crowd of sporting men attended the tourney, and there was heavy betting. The New Jersey fowls won the main with a score of five to three. The main was noteworthy from the fact that there were no runaways and the percentage of dead birds was very large.

The American Jockey Club have added the following additions to their rules:

Additional paragraph, Rule 20.—A list of the names of all persons composing a partnership, whether running under an assumed name or not, shall be published, but the real names of individuals who have registered an assumed name shall not be disclosed in this list.

Additional paragraph, Rule 23.—The registry must be made at least one half hour before the race, and any interest not apparent in the entry or the official programme shall be posted conspicuously.

After Jack Dempsey and Jack Burke boxed at Omaha, Herb Rothery, who flourishes as a backer of bulldogs, fighting cocks and boxers in Omaha, announced that he was there to back Jack Hanley against either Burke or Dempsey in a 4 round match. Dempsey stepped forward and said there was no money for him in a private battle for \$500, but he would be \$2,500 he could stop Hanley in 4 rounds. "And I will make a similar offer," yelled Burke. "Or," continued Dempsey, "if Mr. Hanley will come up here I will fight him for fun, and if I don't stop him in 4 rounds I will give him \$500." Out of the applause following this offer something akin to pandemonium arose. Dempsey yelled at Rothery, something about betting \$10,000 to \$2,500 that he could whip Hanley, and Rothery roared back at Dempsey. "I'll accept your challenge." Then Parson Davies pulled a roll of currency and checks out of his pocket to clinch the match, and Rothery flashed up a bulging wallet, but no money was put up. The parties agreed to meet at 11:30 o'clock and deposit stakes and sign articles of agreement for a bare knuckle fight to a finish, London rules, between Dempsey and Hanley, but at that hour they failed to materialize. Later Dempsey and Hanley met at the Merchants Hotel, each equipped with a big bundle of currency, and consumed a material hour in wrangling. Davies, for Dempsey, offered to make a match for \$2,500 to be fought in New York, and while Rothery, for Hanley, was willing to back his man in a fight to a finish against Dempsey, he specified that the battle ground must be west of the Mississippi river. At the hour of adjournment no definite arrangement had been made, and it is extremely unlikely that the matter will be discussed further.

If any of the many wrestlers desire to arrange a match for a large stake, here is their opportunity. Pietro Delmas the French champion, and Charles Hugues are again eager to pay a visit to this country, and they have forwarded the following challenge to the Police Gazette, which will no doubt bring a reply from one of the many wrestlers. The following is the French champions' deal:

PARIS, Dec. 26, 1886.

Richard K. Fox, Esq.:

We hereby challenge William Muldoon, Duncan C. Ross, Tom Cannon or any other wrestler of the United States to wrestle Grimo Roman style (best two falls out of three) for \$1,000 a side and the championship of America; the match to take place in either Paris, New York or San Francisco. After the location is chosen, \$200 to be allowed either side for travelling expenses. Money and men ready now. In the event of this challenge being accepted, I appoint Fred Englehardt to represent us, and correspondence should be addressed to Charles Hugues, American Sporting House, 43 Rue Fontaine, Paris. We will send a deposit at once, through Lazard's Bank.

CHARLES HUGUES.

(Le Grand Auguste).

Pietro Delmas, Champion of France. Matsada Koraree Sorakichi the "Police Gazette" champion wrestler, will be matched to wrestle either of the Frenchman, and Richard K. Fox has notified Fred Englehardt that the Japanese champion will go to San Francisco and meet either of the French champions. There is no wrestler in America, probably, with the exception of Joe Acton, able to defeat the wonderful and muscular Jap, and if they meet in the arena the struggle between these for eign champions will be sensational and interesting.

The winner of the late pedestrian match in Philadelphia, Anton Strokel, is quite a character in his way. He is an Austrian by birth, about thirty three years of age, and is a homely man as one would want to see. Formerly he was a "dock walloper" on the Saginaw river. He first attracted attention by beating the fast steamer, W. R. Burr, from Bay City to East Saginaw, a distance of sixteen miles. While at work on the timber piles at Bay City it was his custom to put his dinner bucket aboard the boat, and he would allow the latter to start up the river ahead of him; but when the steamer would strike the docks at East Saginaw Strokel would be found seated on a spile waiting for his dinner bucket. He was placed under contract by John M. Connelly, a well-known

pawnbroker of East Saginaw, who agreed for a term of years to pay him \$50 a month and expenses and ten per cent. of his winnings as a pedestrian. Strokel at once went into active training and was given a six-days go-as-you-please trial. The trial was sixteen laps to the mile and Strokel ran 102 miles the first day without a break. In six days his certified score was 632 miles the longest distance ever covered in six days' match. The next noon following the match Strokel walked 33 miles to Flint, Mich., to get a lemonade and would have walked back had not rain interfered. Strokel trains after his own fashion. He has no system, he believes in good, hard work.

The following is the fast time for running on the turf with the records made during 1886:

MILES.	Time.
1/4 Belle, age and weight unknown, Galveston, Tex., July 2, 1886.	1:00
1/4 Alsie, 4, Little Rock, Ark., April 25, 1882.	1:01
1/4 Ollipin, 2 9/10 lb. Saratoga, July 25, 1884.	1:02
1/4 Jim Knick, 5, 115 lb. San Francisco, Nov. 3, 1883.	1:03
1/4 Force, 5, 121 lb. Louisville, Sept. 24, 1883.	1:04
1/4 Joe Cotton, 4, 106 lb. Sheepshead Bay, June 30, 1886.	1:05
1/4 Rico, 4, 90 lb. Chicago (Washington Park), July 28, 1886.	1:06
1/4 Ten Brock, 5, 110 lb. Louisville, May 24, 1877.	1:07
1/4 Jim Douglas, aged, 122 lb. Chicago (Washington Park), June 29, 1886.	1:08
1/4 Spalding, 4, 97 lb. Chicago (Washington Park), July 1, 1886.	1:09
1/4 Beasch, Rosalie, 4 (catch weight), 80 lb. Brighton Beach, Aug. 13, 1881.	1:10
1/4 Exile, 4, 126 lb. Sheepshead Bay, Aug. 28, 1886 (on the turf); Editor, 5, 96 lb. Sheepshead Bay, Sept. 14, 1883.	1:11
1/4 Binnette, 5, 101 lb. Chicago (Washington Park), July 12, 1886.	1:12
1/4 m 500 yds. Bend Or, 4, 115 lb. Saratoga, July 25, 1882.	1:13
1/4 Uncas, 4, 107 lb. Sheepshead Bay, Sept. 23, 1880.	1:14
1/4 Luke Blackburn, 3, 102 lb. Monmouth Park, Aug. 17, 1880.	1:15
1/4 Jim Gust, 4, 98 lb. Chicago (Washington Park), July 24, 1886.	1:16
1/4 Exile, 4, 115 lb. Sheepshead Bay, Sept. 11, 1886.	1:17
1/4 Gildelin, 3, 116 lb. Saratoga, Aug. 5, 1882.	1:18
1/4 Enigma, 4, 90 lb. Sheepshead Bay, Sept. 15, 1883.	1:19
1/4 Ten Brock, 5, 110 lb. Louisville, May 29, 1877.	1:20
1/4 Monitor, 4, 110 lb. Baltimore, Oct. 20, 1880.	1:21
1/4 Springbok, 5, 114 lb. Preknassack 114 lb. Saratoga, July 29, 1875.	1:22
1/4 Aristides, 4, 104 lb. Lexington, May 13, 1876.	1:23
1/4 Ten Brock, 4, 104 lb. Lexington, Sept. 16, 1876.	1:24
1/4 Hubbard, 4, 107 lb. Saratoga, Aug. 9, 1873.	1:25
1/4 Drake Carter, 4, 115 lb. Sheepshead Bay, Sept. 6, 1884.	1:26
1/4 Ten Brock, 4, 104 lb. Louisville Sept. 27, 1876.	1:27

## HEAT RACES.

MILES.	Time.
1/4 Suspender, Los Angeles, Cal. April 10, 1883.	0:23½
1/4 Red Oak, aged, 114 lb. Carson City, Nev., Sept. 16, 1879.	0:48½
1/4 Susie McNairy, 3, 98 lb. Chicago, July 2, 1883.	1:02¼
1/4 Lizette S., 5, 119 lb. Louisville, Sept. 26, 1883.	1:13¼
1/4 Bounce, 4, 90 lb. Sheepshead Bay, Sept. 7, 1881.	1:42
1/4 3 in 5, Argentine, 6, 115 lb. St. Louis, June 14, 1879.	1:44
1/4 11 lb. Slipaloz, 3, 115 lb. Chicago (Washington Park), Sept. 2, 1885.	1:50¼
1/4 Gabriel, 4, 112 lb. Sheepshead Bay, Sept. 23, 1880.	1:56
1/4 Glenmore, 5, 114 lb. Sheepshead Bay, Sept. 25, 1880.	2:10
1/4 Keno, 6 Toledo, Sept. 16, 1880 (1st and 3d heats) 2:43½	2:45
1/4 Miss Woodford, 4, 107½ lb. Sheepshead Bay, Sept. 20, 1884.	3:33
1/4 Norfolk, 5, 100 lb. Sacramento, Sept. 23, 1885.	5:27½
1/4 Ferida, 4, 105 lb. Sheepshead Bay, Sept. 18, 1880.	5:23½

The following has been received at this office for publication New York, Jan. 1, 1887.

Richard K. Fox, Esq.:

Please give the following publicity in the POLICE GAZETTE and oblige the undersigned:

TO THE OWNERS OF ALL AMERICAN KEEL SCHOONER YACHTS.

GENTLEMEN—For the purpose of testing and comparing the seagoing and sailing qualities of the keel schooner yachts built and now owned in this country, the undersigned, owner of the Coronet, would be pleased to join as many of you as feel so inclined in organizing and carrying out an ocean race from Sandy Hook to Queenstown harbor.

CONDITIONS.

The conditions to be about as follows:

First—The race to be open to all keel schooner yachts of American build, without any allowance whatever.

Second—The amount of entrance fee to be agreed upon by the gentlemen in interest, but not to exceed \$10,000 for each yacht.

Third—The total amount of fees paid for the entry of all the yachts shall be held in trust and paid to the owner of the winning yacht ten days after the result of the race becomes known, less the expenses for judges, their boat and some few other expenses which should properly be borne in common by all the owners of yachts participating in the race.

Fourth—The race is to be started not later than May 15 next, which will enable the yachts to reach the other side in time for the sailing masters to "pick their flints" and start back in the race for the Royal Thames Club prize of 1,000 guineas.

Gentlemen interested in this matter are requested to confer with or address the secretary of the New York Yacht Club, No. 67 Madison avenue, New York.

Very respectfully,

R. T. BUSH.

There will no doubt be satisfactory responses to Mr. Bush's proposition. There are several keel schooners enrolled in the fleets of the New York and Eastern clubs whose owners are thorough yachtsmen, and will most likely look with favor upon such a race. It has been twenty years and more since the Vesta, Fleetwing and Henrietta left Sandy Hook and inaugurated ocean yacht racing, and though yachting has grown in America since that time with marvelous rapidity, and many interesting questions and stubborn battles of type have been discussed and fought, there have been no ocean races between vessels built and owned here of the same magnitude as that memorable struggle. But Mr. Bush's proposition will likely bring about another such contest, and with it the regular regatta and cup races, together with the America's Cup battles and the Royal Thames prize, the coming year will be one of the greatest in the world's history of yachting.

It is many years since there was a first-class professional pigeon shooting match between champions in this vicinity. Such an event, however, occurred at Erb's Grounds, Newark, N. J., on New Year's day. The principals were Wm. Graham, champion wing shot of England, and C. W. Budd of Des Moines, Ia., who claims to be champion of America. The match was brought about by Graham's challenges issued in the Police Gazette to shoot a match against any man in the world at 100 birds, Huntington rules, for \$1,000 to \$5,000 a side. Budd who had been defeating all comers in the far West, picked up the gauntlet and agreed to meet the man from Albion, and a few weeks ago articles were signed for Budd and Graham to shoot at 100 birds, according to Huntington rules, 30 yards rise, but with the fence which was about 80 yards distance from the traps the boundary, for \$500 a side. Though the weather was unpropitious, nearly every gun club in this vicinity sent a large delegation, to witness the contest. Among the crowd was John Brewer, of Philadelphia, Miles Johnson, Cannon the one armed champion, W. Hughes, Leaver, Al Heritage, L. Duryea and H. McLaughlin, James Pihl,ington, and a number of amateur and professional shots. There was heavy speculation, the Western division backing their man freely—then changed from \$100 to \$500 to Budd to level money. Graham being the choice at even money. Budd was the first to go to the score, and shooting in excellent shape, by the time the first twenty birds were shot at was one behind Graham, who used his second barrel very frequently. At the end of the fifth shot both men were even terms, but Graham did not keep up his early form. Budd leading at the seventh fifth bird by one the score standing 66 for Budd against 65, for Graham. Both men shot their best toward the close of the match, and it was nip and tuck to the finish Graham shooting in a very calm manner, his scores standing at 86 each as they went to the score to shoot the last bird. Budd killed his bird in grand style. Graham followed and with his second barrel grassed his bird in grand style, thus making the match a tie. Score:

Graham.—Total number of birds shot at, 100; killed, 87, missed, 13. Killed with second barrel, 29.

Budd.—Total number



## THE REFEREE.

## His Thoughts, Opinions and Expressions on Matters of Sporting Interest.

There have been many essays and books written about how to box and the *modus operandi* of pugilists, but John L. Sullivan upsets one half of the arguments of these theories, as will be seen by the following:

The essentials of a thoroughly good fighter are pluck, skill, endurance and a good head on his shoulders. A man fights with his head almost as much as he does with his fist. He must know where to send his blows so they may do the most good. He must economize his strength and not score a hit just for the sake of scoring it.

"I endeavor," said Sullivan, "to hit my man above the heart or under the chin, or behind the ear. A man wears out pretty soon if one can keep hammering away in the region of the heart; a blow under the chin or behind the ear will knock out a man quicker than a hundred blows on the cheek or any other portion of the face. Now the Marine has a scar on his left cheek which he received in his fight with Dempsey, and which he will carry to his grave. He told me that Dempsey kept hammering away at that spot. If Dempsey were a long-headed fighter he would not have wasted his time and strength in getting into there. That fact alone proves to me that he is deficient in generalship."

"I can tell pretty well when my man is giving in," said the pugilist. "I watch his eyes, and I know at once when the punishment is beginning to tell on him. And when I talk to a man before I stand up before him at all, I can make up my mind whether he is a fighter or not. There is more intelligence required in this business than outsiders give us credit for."

"I do not train," said the pugilist, emphatically. "I know better than to waste my vitality in training. I lie in bed until 10 o'clock in the morning, read all the papers, smoke a cigar, take a cup of black coffee, then get up and have my bath and breakfast. Now when I meet a man that I think is going to give me some trouble, I will train, but I have not met that man yet," added the pugilist decisively.

Sullivan, while at Portland, was all upset because Dominick McCaffrey had challenged him to fight. Sullivan was misinformed, for McCaffrey had not done so, and if Sullivan never has the toothache until he does, he will be but poor game for a dentist for a long time to come.

I understand they have had a great time at Stanton, Mich., over a glove fight between Cal Fouts and Lovelace, and warrants have been issued for a number of prominent citizens.

Fouts, I learn has been arrested and consternation prevails among a number of those who attended the fight.

Frank Glover, the heavy weight pugilist of Chicago, is very ill. He is suffering from Big Head. The manager of the Theatre Comique recently tried to engage him for a week and he wanted \$1,000 for one week.

I know the time when a manager could engage a champion for \$150 for one week, and then the champions had a better reputation than Glover. He has fought some desperate battles, so he has, but gloves were used.

Wallace Ross dropped in to see me the other day and hauled me over the coals because I rated Beach so severely for not rowing Hanlan.

Ross is just the same cool and collected individual; he never hardly smiles when he discourses, but he has the aquatic bias down fine.

In regard to George Subar's visit to America, he said that Buebar had greatly improved.

He thinks Beach the greatest oarsman he ever met and claims Gaudaur would probably have beaten Beach had he done proper kind of work while training, that is, had several good trials.

Ross says: "If I had met Beach the day he met Gaudaur, I should have beaten him, because he was 'off.'"

I informed the New Brunswick that Beach had seen his best days and that when he rowed Gaudaur he found a kink or two, or he would never have allowed Hanlan to challenge him and put up money and right in the face of the chance of winning or losing a large sum, turn his back on Hanlan and his challenge and leave for home.

Ross said Beach is now in his prime, and so is any man at forty if he has taken care of himself.

Ross lost money by his trip to England. He received several presents, which helped to make up for the deficiency.

The silk racing colors of George Forbes, of Cleveland, will flutter on the turf next season. He will have a big stable of runners, and after he wins numerous races in Canada his horses will be knocking at the door at Saratoga.

George Forbes was once a famous runner, who beat Wm. Adette, at Providence, running 150 yards, and crossed the tape in 14 1/2 seconds. Time announced, 15 seconds. He recently owned Oliver K., whom he sold for \$17,500 after he won the great \$10,000 race.

By the way, the best cross-country rider in England, C. J. Cunningham, out of 68 mounts this year won 41.

I see that Myers and Fredericks are on their way to Australia. They sailed from San Francisco on Dec. 18.

I do not believe they will make a fortune by the trip, unless Myers can still run up to his old form.

A trotting race has been arranged at San Francisco between Oliver K. and Harry Wilkes for \$5,000 a side. It will take place there April 2, and will be best 3 in 5, 30 harness. Five thousand dollars has been deposited as a forfeit. It will be a great race, and the horse who can stay the longest will win.

Frank Harper, of Woodford county, Ky., who owns the historical racehorses Longfellow and Ten Broeck, was recently assessed. He gave in Longfellow and Ten Broeck's value at \$7,500 each.

The stable of J. B. Haggin last season won \$88,948 in 106 races, of which 37 were wins. E. J. Baldwin won \$26,624 in 184 races, of which 56 were wins.

It is my opinion the way to procure genuine race horses is to go to the family that produces them.

Hindoo is considered by many good judges the best horse that has appeared on the American turf in a quarter of a century, and he has already proved a success as a sire.

There are men who rail at horse racing, and who rank jockeys as beneath contempt. Such folly is the outgrowth of ignorance. Of all men in the world who have to withstand temptation the jockey is most conspicuous. Of all men in the world who can yield to temptation, with the smallest chance of being found out, the jockey is foremost.

The highest honor a jockey can attain is the reputation of always riding to win, and that is E. H. Garrison's motto for 1887, as it was in 1885-6.

In baseball circles President Nimick and the Directors of the Pittsburgh Baseball Club, I am informed, are making some rather sensational disclosures concerning the refusal of the American Association, at its recent meeting in New York, to return \$400 to the team, according to agreement.

After Barkley had been fined \$500 and suspended for one year at the Louisville meeting, he brought a suit against the Association before Judge Stowe. Mr. Byrne and a New York attorney named Wagner represented the Association, Byrne having been delegated the power to do so.

Before the case had progressed very far the Association representatives grew shaky. They feared defeat in the courts, and a compromise was proposed.

The Pittsburgh Directors offered to pay a fine of \$100 and give the Baltimore Club Scott, provided Barkley's suspension was removed. This was agreed to, but in order to uphold the dignity of the Association Byrne suggested that the Pittsburghs pay \$500, with the positive agreement that the club be given credit for \$400 on the books.

The officials of the Pittsburgh Club say they are ready to make an affidavit that the positive agreement, as given above, was entered into. Mr. Nimick also received a telegram from Byrne saying he had obtained the consent and indorsement of all the clubs to the agreement.

The Directors now say that unless the money is returned they will at once begin an action against the Association.

It is surprising how many players want "more money" for "next season's work," and won't sign unless they get it, but always put their names to a contract before the "flowers bloom in the spring." Paul Hines has joined this great army, but it is an old story for him. He has been through the same mill before.

In speaking of the schedule meeting of the American Association, which is to be held in Cleveland, March 8, Von der Ahe very considerably says that in case the League desires to have any of its representatives present at the meeting to make suggestions about conflicting dates he will consult with them.

The writers of the time of James I. describe football as a riotous amusement in which both sexes and all ages took part, and to escape the violence of the players shutters had to be closed, and the houses of decent folk fastened up.

But long before that time, says the Newcastle Chronicle, and long after it, there was a football game nothing like so rough. Thus, in the 12th century, when William Fitzstephen wrote his "History of London," it must have been a less violent pastime; for that writer speaks of the young men going out into the fields to play the gentle game of football.

In later times, too, Bernard Gilpin, the Apostle of the North, when rector of Houghton-le-Spring, used to come out, after church service, and play football with the younger portion of his congregation. Before Bernard Gilpin's day, before the Puritans, before King James, and long before the remote William Fitzstephen, young men used to play at football. It was the Harpastum of the Roman youths, which the authorities say was identical with the modern Rugby game, where the players might seize each other, and where "hacking" was tolerated.

Long before that again, and in another land, the gentler pastime was in vogue. That was the *Episkuros* of the Greek youths—the football played at the Olympian and other national games, and which by all the descriptions, savoured more of the modern Association game.

It is on record that only two students have been killed this year playing football and there is an impression that the game is not being played with as much spirit as formerly.

Prize fighting is a game of skill just as much as football and wrestling, and, if carried out on scientific principles, not more dangerous than the buttock of the wrestler or the often fatal scrimmage of the football players.

I do not mention these accidents in order to decry football or wrestling or any other games where danger leads to some persons an incitement; but we want to know, if these games are allowed to flourish, why fighting or boxing for a prize is visited with all the pains and penalties of the law?

If a little more latitude were given to boxers, and boxing, (under proper supervision) received more encouragement and less attempts at suppression, we should not hear of so many cutting and shooting affairs.

The claimants who hold a contrary opinion to the reduction of speed in harness should call to remembrance the fact that they live in a progressive age.

The present era shows with telling force that Manzanilla, a four-year-old, reduced the record to 2:16, and that Oliver K., a six-year-old, of previous moderate capacity by the record, won six races out of eight starts during the season of 1886, and lowered his record to 2:16 1/4 at the same time, making the leading winning of any performer during the year, in \$12,000 or thereabouts.

Schaefer's backer has already grown tired, weary and disgusted with billiard matches, simply because "there was not \$400 in the whole house" at the St. Louis game. "Scarcely enough to pay expenses." If Schaefer's backer is so disgusted at the financial result of this decoy-duck-stool-pigeon contest, his disgust is mild compared with the public contempt for such games. In view of the fact that they are the creation of bookmakers.

The bookmaker in billiards must go, and the sooner, Schaefer's backer makes this discovery the better it will be for the bank account of Schaefer's backer.

Perhaps one of the most interesting studies on a racetrack is the different methods of different jockeys. To a close observer this difference is very great indeed. How dissimilar the work of the small boys from that of the experienced horseman?

That a horse gallops better in the hands of a jockey who has thoroughly learned his trade or profession than it does in those of an inexperienced boy, goes without saying, and in the short races of the present day, in which quickness in getting away is essential, the owner who has the benefit of the services of a clever professional in the saddle is certainly in a far better position than he who has to rely on the efforts of a willing but half trained lad.

Those who are in the habit of witnessing the starting of our short races, cannot have failed to notice the trouble which small boys give at the post. Very often, indeed, I may say generally, after all this bother and annoyance to the starter, they get badly off, and then comes the mad hurry to catch their field. The whip quickly comes out, the horse's head is let go, and instead of sitting quietly with a stronghold, watching for an opening, the unfortunate animal is driven along on to the heels, and very often strikes into those galloping in front of him.

But how differently is it with a horseman in the saddle, one who has served his apprenticeship and is thoroughly acquainted with his profession. He seldom gives the starter any trouble; occasionally with a nervous or excitable horse he may cause a delay, but these are events thoroughly excusable; he is yet always on the alert.

Those who often walk down to the post and like to see the start can tell you of the horsemen who know their business. Garrison or McLaughlin are perhaps the best, notwithstanding numerous breaks away their horses are generally well controlled, and they are usually handy if the white flag should really be lowered.

At last when the signal is given, the competent rider is away, and riding his horse into his stride, secures a good position, and then with a nice hold of his horse's head, notes which of his antagonists need watching.

## LATEST SPORTING.

Toff Wall is said to be one of the leading middle-weight boxers of London, Eng.

The Monmouth Park Association and the American and Coney Island Jockey clubs have made the following important addition to racing rule No. 26: "In the event of a horse being entered for a race with the wrong age, or an incorrect or imperfect description, according to rule 15, it may be corrected on the payment of \$25 for each entry, provided it be proved to the satisfaction of the Executive Committee that it was accidental, and provided also that the correction is made and the fine paid within sixty days after the date of closing, and not less than five days before the day appointed for the race." This rule will allow of an entry being made on the payment of a fine from the race for which it was not qualified at the time of entry—4, e., a colt for a filly stakes—but will not admit of a correction amounting to the substitution of another animal, which would be of the nature of a post entry.

The "Police Gazette" correspondent at Tacoma, W. T., in regard to Sullivan's invasion of that place, writes as follows: There were two women, 300 white men and ten Sioux Indians at the opera house last night to witness the sparring contest between the members of P. F. Sheedy's John L. Sullivan's combination. Some of the city officials and prominent business men were on hand and laughed along with the rest. There was nothing brutal about the exhibition. On the contrary, it was quite funny. So far as the regular members of the company were concerned, it was an interesting sight to see such splendid developments of physical manhood. There was no blood spilled and the champion of champions, the ex-champions and the local talent rattled each other around the stage in good style for an hour and a half. Then everybody went away satisfied and lighter in pocket by one big, round silver dollar. Sullivan and Steve Taylor did the wind-up in three rounds. Both were dressed in pretty green tights and bare from the waist up. Le Blanche, the Marine, and Jimmy Carroll, the ex-champion of light weights of England, did the heaviest slugging. The Marine and one of the Tacoma amateurs gave a good exhibition, while a couple of other young would-be sluggers of Tacoma beat the air in trying to reach for each other so fondly that the crowd just roared with laughter. When the crowd passed out of the door a very ugly looking Sioux said of Sullivan: "Him byas cultus Boston man," which in Flathead jargon means, a very bad white man. During the day Sullivan was out hunting with a member of his combination, when he was shown a dispatch from Philadelphia going the rounds of the press that Dominick McCaffrey was anxious to try conclusions with him for the championship of the world, the Boston gladiator curled up his lip scornfully and said: "That's all a guy. McCaffrey don't want to fight me. I did him up in three rounds in Cincinnati. He was allowed a minute and a quarter to rest and came back again, and I had to win the fight three times, and that's what ran the fight into seven rounds. McCaffrey don't want to fight me any more. He issues challenges about once a week, but always when I'm away out here. When I'm East you never see any of them. McCaffrey couldn't get his own brother to put up money for a fight with me. If he could get up a purse like that and mean business, I would take it too quick."

The following is the fastest time on record made on a bicycle with the new records made during the past season: 1/4 mile, 35 1/2-5, William A. Rowe, Springfield, Mass, Nov 5, 1886. 1/2 mile, 1:12 4-5, W. A. Rowe, Springfield, Oct 17, 1886. 3/4 mile, 1:50 1-5, W. A. Rowe, Springfield, Oct 21, 1886. 1 mile, 2:29 4-5, W. A. Rowe, Springfield, Oct 21, 1886. 2 miles, 5:11, W. A. Rowe, Springfield, Oct 14, 1886. 3 miles, 7:48 4-5, W. A. Rowe, Springfield, Oct 14, 1886. 4 miles, 10:41 2-5; 5 miles, 13:29 4-5; 6 miles, 16:12 3-5; 7 miles, 18:59 8 miles, 21:41 2-5; 9 miles, 24:26 4-5; 10 miles, 27:07 1-5; 11 miles, 29:51 3-5; 12 miles, 32:35 13 miles, 35:18 2-5; 14 miles, 38:01 2-5; 15 miles, 40:41 3-5; 16 miles, 43:26 4-5; 17 miles, 46:14 4-5; 18 miles, 48:59; 19 miles, 51:40 1-5; 20 miles, 54:25 2-5; 21 miles, 57:07 3-5; 22 miles, 59:48; William A. Rowe, Springfield, Mass, Oct 25, 1886. 25 miles, 1:10:36 3-5, F. F. Ives, Springfield, Mass, Oct 9, 1886. 30 miles, 1:32:56 1-5, W. M. Woodside, Springfield, Mass, Oct 27, 1886. 40 miles, 2:11:46 2-5, W. M. Woodside, Springfield, Mass, Oct 27, 1886. 50 miles, 2:47:34 3-5, W. M. Woodside, Minneapolis, Minn, Nov 27, 1886. 60 miles, 3:39:45, W. M. Woodside, Minneapolis, Minn, Dec 29, 1886. 75 miles, 4:21:12, F. R. Fry, London, Eng., July 27, 1883. 100 miles, 5:59:05 2-5, F. R. Fry, London, Eng, July 27, 1883. 150 miles, 10:12:35, J. B. Tierney, Edinburgh, Scotland, June, 1880. 200 miles, 16:47, W. C. Young, New York, Jan 27, 1883. 250 miles, 21:41:45, W. C. Young, New York, Jan 27, 1883. 266 miles 880 yards, 25:59, W. M. Woodside, Minneapolis, Minn, Dec 29-30, 1886. 740 1-5 miles in 48 hours, 6 hours per day, William J. Morgan, Minneapolis, Minn, Nov 8 to 13, 1886. 24-hour road record, 304 1/2 miles, A. McCurdy Boston Nov 6, 1886. Greatest distance ridden in 1 hour, 22 miles 150 yards, W. A. Rowe, Springfield, Mass, Oct 25, 1886. Amateur record for 1 mile, 2:24 4-5, W. A. Speechley, England, 1886.

The following is the best time on record ever made running from fifty yards to one hour:

50 yards 5 1/4 seconds, H. M. Johnson, New York, Nov 22, 1884. 75 yards, 7 3/5 seconds, H. M. Johnson, Brooklyn, N. Y., Aug 13, 1884. 100 yards, 9 4/5 seconds, H. M. Johnson, Cleveland, O., July 31, 1886. 100 yards, 9 1/4 seconds, flying start, George Seward (professional), England, Sept 30, 1884. 120 yards, 11 1/4 seconds, George Seward, England, May 3, 1887. 130 yards, 12 1/4 seconds, W. Johnson (professional), Fenham Park, Eng, Feb 9, 1887. 151 1/4 yards, 12 1/4 seconds, Harry Hutchens (professional), Sheffield, Eng, Feb 21, 1882. 150 yards, 14 1/5 seconds, George Smith, Youngstown, O., Aug 7, 1886; 15 seconds, C. Westhall (professional), Manchester, Eng, Feb 4, 1881; George Forbes (professional), Providence, R. I., Dec 20, 1880; W. P. Phillips (amateur), London, Eng, May 22, 1880 and H. M. Johnson (professional), Titusville, Pa., Oct 18, 1883. 200 yards, 19 1/4 seconds, Geo Seward (professional), England, March 22, 1887. 220 yards, 21 4-5 seconds, Harry Hutchens, London, Eng, May 11, 1885. 300 yards, 30 seconds, Harry Hutchens, Edinburgh, Scotland, Jan 2, 1884. 220 yards, 22 1/4 seconds, W. P. Phillips, (amateur), England, Sept 28, 1878; and I. E. Myers (amateur), New York, Sept 15, 1881. 400 yards, 43 1/4 seconds, L. E. Myers (amateur), New York, June 3, 1882. Quarter mile, 48 1/4 seconds, Richard Buttery (professional), England, Oct 4, 1873; 48 3-5 seconds, L. E. Myers (amateur), England, July 16, 1881. Half mile, 1:53 1/4 seconds, Frank Hewitt, Australia, Sept 21, 1871; 1:55 2 5 seconds, L. E. Myers (amateur), Birmingham, Eng, July 7, 1884, and New York, Oct 3, 1885. 1 mile, 4:16 1-5, William Cummings, Preston, Eng, May 14, 1881. 2 miles, 8:11 1/4, Wm Lang, England, Aug 1, 1883. 3 miles, 12:36, J. White, England, May 11, 1883. 4 miles, 16:36, J. White, England, May 11, 1883. 5 miles, 24:40, J. White, England, May 11, 1883. 10 miles, 51:06 3-5, William Cummings (professional), London, Eng, Sept 18, 1885; 52:36 3-5, E. C. Carter (amateur), Mott Haven, Nov 6, 1886. 15 miles, 1:22:00, J. Hewitt, England, March 22, 1882. 20 miles, 1:54:00, Patrick Byrnes, Halifax, N. S., Oct 4, 1879. 25 miles, 2:26:34, G. Mason, England, March 14, 1881. 30 miles, 3:15:09, G. Mason, England, March 14, 1881. 40 miles, 4:34:27, James Bailey, England, March 14, 1881. 50 miles, 6:06:00, George Littlewood, London, Eng, Nov 24, 1884. 75 miles, 9:48:30, George Littlewood, London, Eng, Nov 24, 1884. 100 miles, 13:26:30, Charles Rowell, New York, Feb 27, 1882. 150 miles, 22:28:25, Charles Rowell, New York, Feb 27, 1882. 150 miles, 25:34:51, Charles Rowell, England, November, 1880. 200 miles, 35:43:10, Charles Rowell, England, November, 1880. 250 miles, 46:24:50, Charles Rowell, New York, February, 1882. 300 miles, 58:17:06, Charles Rowell, New York, February, 1882. 400 miles, 96:12:15, George Hazard, New York, March, 1882. 500 miles, 110:14:30, George Hazard, New York, March, 1882. 610 miles, 140:34:40, P. Fitzgerald, New York, April 28 to May 3, 1884. 1 hour, 11 miles, 970 yards, L. Bennett (Deerfoot) England, April 3, 1883.

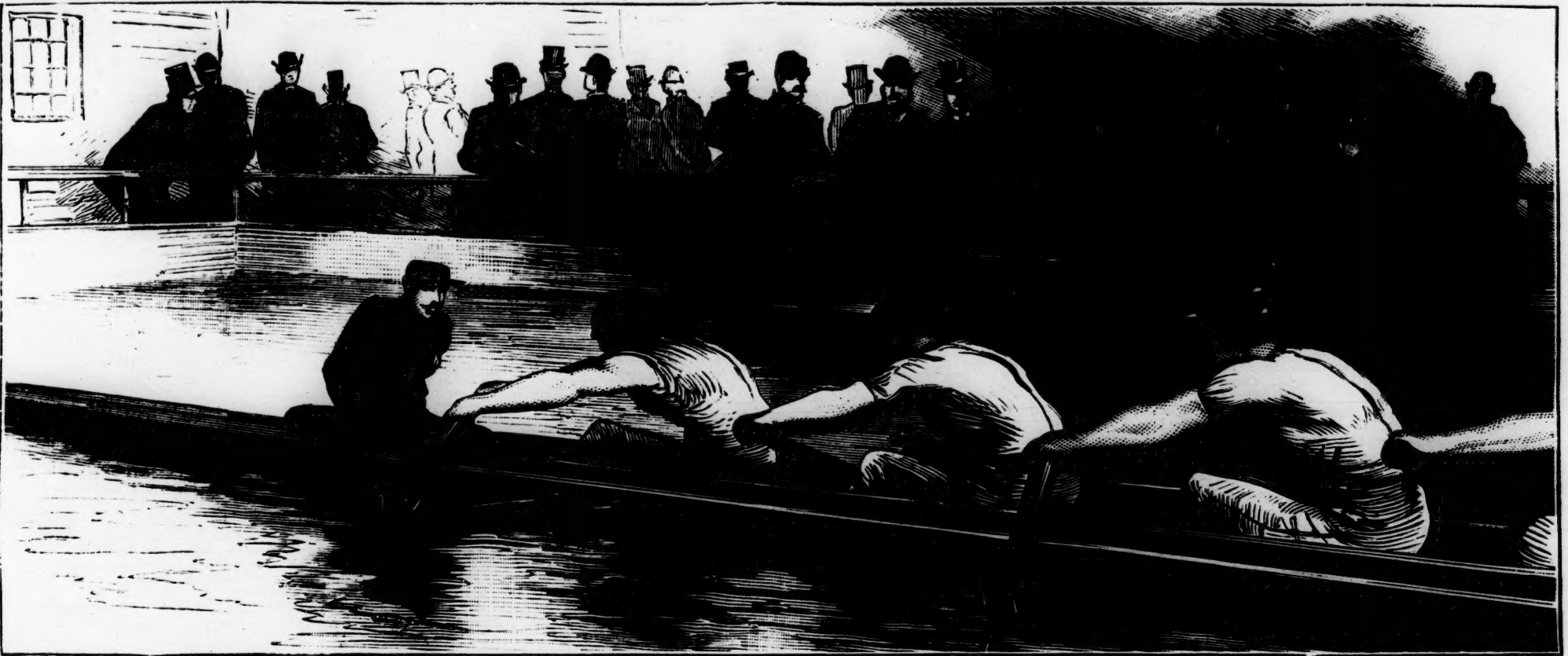
## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

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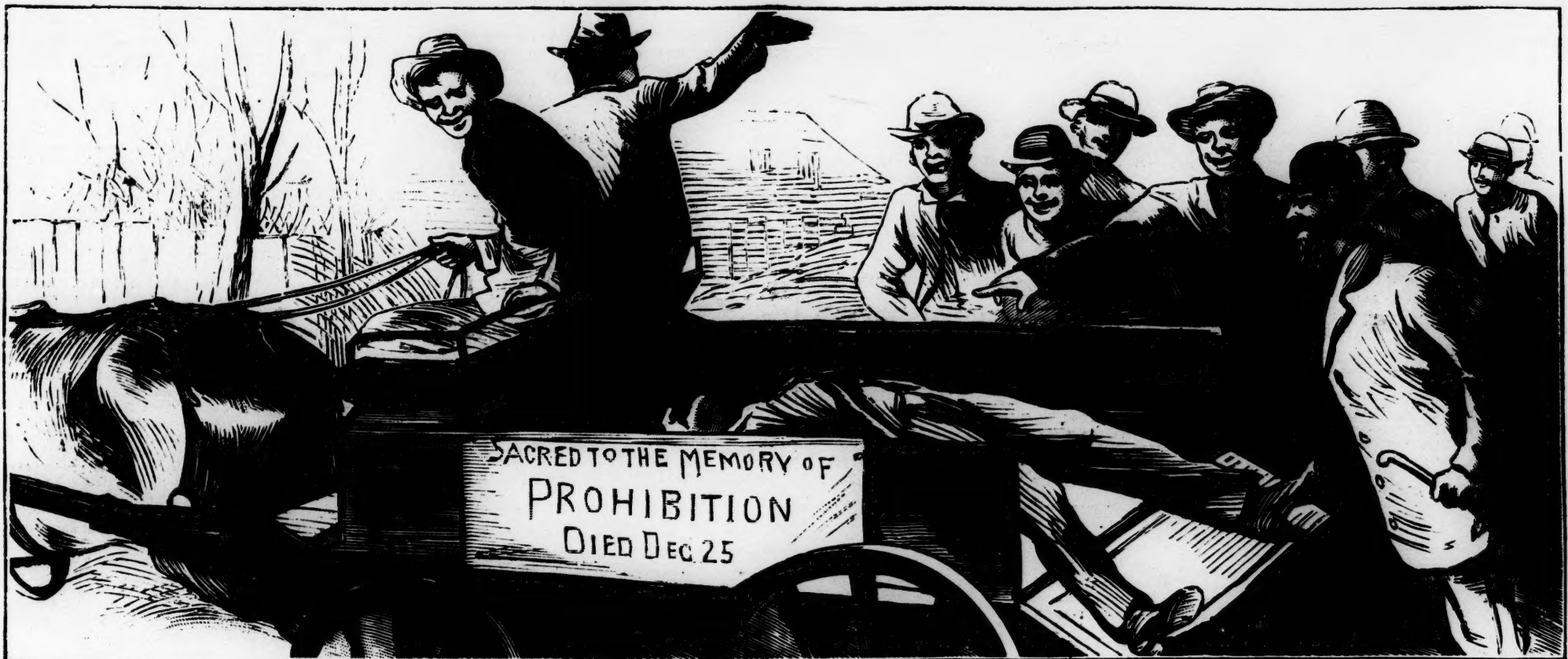
N. C., Lewiston.—No.  
Q. W., Portland.—No.  
H. S., Harper's Ferry.—No.  
M. W. S., Harrisburg.—Yes.  
S. G. H., Richmond, Va.—No.  
T. W. A., Jackson, Miss.—No.  
G. P., Utica, N. Y.—Wm. Beach. 2. No.  
A. Subscribers, Stillwater, Minn.—A. Wins.  
M. H., Williamstown.—Hard gloves, generally.  
D. J., Ottawa.—Sam Riddle did beat Harry Gilmore.  
D. S., Fort Dodge.—Write to the American News Co.  
J. H., Macon, Ga.—There is no such book in market.  
P. N. D., Helena, Mont.—Yes. A. Wins, as sizes are high.  
W. C. W., Danville, Pa.—Straights, when they are played.  
S. R., Salem, Mass.—Edward Hanlan was born in Toronto.  
D. S., Harper's Ferry.—W. G. George has run one mile in 2:19 1/4.  
CONSTANT READERS.—According to the way the bot was made R. wins.  
F. R., Selim Grove, Pa.—1. Send for the "American Athlete." 2. No.  
L. C., Austin, Texas.—Hanlan was born on an island opposite Toronto.  
D. G. H., Atlanta.—Maud S. is now owned by Robert Bonner of this city.  
L. L., Brighton, Mass.—Tom Sayers was born at Pimlico, Eng., May 15, 1858.  
E. C. J., Vicksburg.—The dealer is entitled to the game when there is a tie.  
H. A., Portsmouth.—It was Mat Moore that beat George Rooke. A. loses.  
A. H., Brooklyn.—William Decker was champion oarsman of America in 1858.  
G. F., Fort Supply, Ind. Ter.—The referee declared John L. Sullivan the winner.  
A. M., Utah.—Send for the "Life of Jem Mac." It will give you all particulars.  
J. E., Hazleton, Pa.—John L. Sullivan and Paddy Ryan did fight on Feb. 7, 1882.  
S. W., Cleveland, Ohio.—Tom Hyer and Country McCloskey fought on Sept. 9, 1881.  
J. S., Kansas City.—James Elliott was killed by Jere Dunn at Chicago on March 1, 1883.  
W. L.—1. Jem Mac, who fought Joe Coburn, is well and living. 2. It was a draw. 3. No.  
J. J., Egypt, Ill.—The first steamship that crossed the Atlantic was the Savannah, in 1819.  
D. R., Trenton, N. J.—Carroll, the wrestler, of Hoosac Falls, weighs 148 pounds. 2. No.  
D. M., Hartford, Conn.—1. Sullivan stands 5 feet 10 1/2 inches in height. 2. Pierre Lorillard.  
O. R., New Orleans, La.—Beneke Bros., corner of Canal and Malberry streets, New York.  
R. S., Cecil, Va.—Tom Sayers was only defeated once, and then Nat Langham conquered him.  
R. M., Sanilac, Wis.—You are mistaken. John O. Heenan and John Morrissey only fought once.  
C. P., Atlantic City.—Alec Keene and Jem Hodgkiss seconded Bettle when he fought Tom Sayers.  
K. I., Washington, D. C.—A. wins. Blade was knocked out before the termination of the third round.  
S. E., Hyde Park, Pa.—It was on Oct. 18, 1853, that Tom Sayers and Nat Langham fought for \$500 a side.  
K. N., Bath, Me.—The steamer Great Eastern is 690 feet in length, 58 feet beam, and 12,000 tons burden.  
A. C., Sharpville, Pa.—As long as the party consumed the specified number of oysters he won the wager.  
W. K., Muscatine, Ia.—Tom Sayers' occupation, previous to entering the prize ring, was that of a bricklayer.  
T. E., Chelsea, Mass.—1. John L. Sullivan. 2. Wallace Ross never defeated Edward Hanlan in a match race.  
S. E., Cleveland, O.—John Morrissey was present when John C. Heenan and Tom Sayers fought on April 17, 1880.  
S. P., Santa Fe, N. M.—The trotting match in which Ethan Allen and mate beat Dexter was trotted on June 21, 1867.  
E. J., Detroit, Mich.—1. John Morrissey and Yankee Sullivan fought at Boston Four Corners, Oct. 12, 1853. 2. Morrissey won.  
D. O. B., Washington, D. C.—Jem Mac and Tom Allen fought on May 10, 1870. Mac won in 10 rounds, lasting 41 minutes.  
C. A. S., Milwaukee, Wis.—The left foot is almost invariably put foremost. The left hand is extended, with the right held across the chest as guard.  
B. P., Fulton, Mo.—Yes; Andy Love, the Chicago pugilist, died from injuries received in his battle with Mike Fagan, of St. Louis, Mo., on June 1, 1882.  
J. O.—1. Jim Robinson. 2. The best preparation for hardening the hands is lemon juice. 3. Pugilists use vinegar, horseradish juice, copperas and tannin.  
Z. M., Cincinnati.—1. It was on July 17, 1882, that Tug Wilson and John L. Sullivan sparred at Madison Square Garden. 2. Joe Goss never fought Tom Sayers.  
S. G., Harrisburg, Pa.—No. The highest run in a cushion carom was made by M. Vieuxau, in his match against G. F. Sloan, on April 10-14, 1880, viz.: 1,531 points.  
D. M., Ogden.—George Smith, with an umbrella, jumped from the smoke stack of the Beach Bros. paper mills, a distance of 180 feet, into the river at Walkill, N. Y., Nov. 26, 1886.  
W. S., London, Canada.—1. Old Dutch Sam was born in London, Eng., April 4, 1775, and died July 3, 1818. 2. He beat Cabal Baldwin, Aug. 7, 1804; Tom Belcher, Feb. 8, 1808, and again Aug. 21, 1807.  
G. W., New York.—1. Australian (Jim) Kelly and Jonathan Smith fought for \$400 (\$2,000 at Melbourne, Australia, in November, 1885. 2. The battle, 6 hours 15 minutes, was the longest on record.  
D. J., Grand Traverse, Mich.—The average passengers are required to pass through Castle Garden on their arrival at New York. The saloon and intermediate passengers go ashore at the pier where the ship arrives.  
R. S., Sutton, Nebraska.—1. Send 25c. for "The Champions of the English and American Prize Ring" to this office. 2. Tom Sayers was born May 15, 1826. 3. Thirty-four years of age. 4. Sayers fought Heenan on April, 1860.  
L. E., Syracuse, N. Y.—Jim Sanford was born in New Jersey. In 1821 Sanford and Hammond fought at Belleville, N. J. The battle is described as a terrific one, and Sanford was getting the best of his opponent when the police intervened.  
M. C., Pittsburg, Pa.—Gilly Edwards beat Sam Collier Aug. 24, 1868. 47 rounds, 1 hour 14 minutes, for \$1,000 a side; beat Sam Collier March 2, 1870, 40 rounds, 45 minutes, for \$1,000 a side; beat Sam Collier Aug. 8, 1874, 10 rounds, 24 minutes, for \$1,000 a side.  
R. W., Egypt, Ill.—A ton of gold or silver contains 29,166.58 ounces. A ton of gold is worth \$202,875. A ton of silver, at the present rate per ounce, is worth about \$32,000. A cubic foot of gold weighs 1,200 pounds, and is worth nearly \$300,000. A cubic foot of silver weighs 600 pounds, and is worth about \$10,000. The value of gold coin, bars and bullion in circulation in the world is estimated at \$3,500,000,000. This would make in a mass 25 feet cube.  
H. W., Chatham, Ont.—1. No. 2. Nitro-glycerine is made of nitric acid one part and sulphuric acid two parts, to which is added ordinary glycerine, and the mixture is well washed with pure water. The infusion is composed of small microscopic silicious shells, which have lost their living characters. The cellular parts receive the nitro-glycerine and hold it by capillary attraction, both inside and out. The earth is very light. Water is expelled from it by means of a furnace, and then, in the form of a powder, it is mixed with nitro-glycerine.





YALE'S NEW WRINKLE.

THE HUGE TANK IN THE GYMNASIUM BASEMENT IN WHICH HER UNIVERSITY OARSMEN TAKE THEIR DAILY EXERCISE.



RUM DID IT.

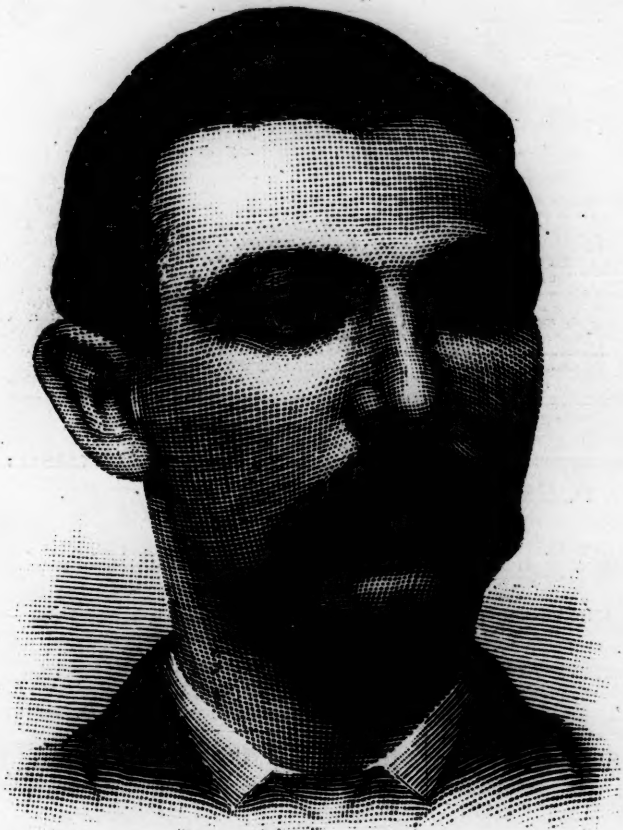
THE TRAGICAL DEATH ON CHRISTMAS DAY OF W. T. CLARKSON, A RELAPSING PROHIBITIONIST AT JUNCTION CITY, KENTUCKY.



DEAD ON THE BENCH.

THE SUDDEN AND MYSTERIOUS DEATH OF JUDGE M. A. HARWOOD WHILE IN COURT AT COTULLA, TEXAS.





THOMAS EAVES,  
NOTED SPORTING MAN OF PHILADELPHIA.



BOB SMITH,  
FAMOUS TRAINER, SECOND AND VETERAN PUGILIST.



WM. A. ROWE,  
THE CELEBRATED BICYCLE RIDER OF LYNN, MASS.



HE WON EASILY.

ARCHITECT JOHN M. MERRICK OF NEW YORK TRIUMPHANTLY FINISHES HIS THIRTIETH CANVAS-BACK DUCK ON THE THIRTIETH CONSECUTIVE DAY.



JACK ASHTON,  
THE WELL-KNOWN PUGILIST OF PROVIDENCE, R. I.



MAJOR,  
THE FAMOUS FIGHTING DOG OF ROCHESTER, N. Y.



## OUR JIM.

The St. Louis express thief, Witrock, who calls himself Jim Cummings, in an interview with a St. Louis reporter, spoke as follows of his crime:

"Fotheringham is innocent and will be proven so in a day or two. I cannot state now why the proof of his innocence is delayed, but he has boarded here so long he must be accustomed to the bill of fare and a day or two longer won't hurt him. Weaver and I stopped at Berry's for a week before the robbery, but three days before Weaver weakened and went back to Chicago. I boarded the train at the depot and presented the letters to Fotheringham. I was on the train when it was stopped by the rock on the track, but it was not a good place to get off. I left it at a crossing this side of Pacific and walked about eight or ten miles across the country to the Missouri river, where I had a skiff waiting. I reached the river before daylight and came down about eight miles to a sandbar.

"I ate my breakfast on the sandbar and then down 25 miles more, and then got into a slough full of snags where the boat came near upsetting three or four times. I was there, and about noon the next day passed St. Charles. I left the boat below St. Charles and walked across the country about ten miles to a place, I think it was St. Peters, where I took a train to Louisiana, Mo. At Louisiana I stopped at the Palmer House. I arrived there about midnight, and left the next afternoon, going from there to Kansas City.

"While at Louisiana I saw a newspaper containing an account of the robbery. I was afraid to ask for a newspaper—afraid I might be suspected—and I happened to come across the one I read. I stayed at Kansas City five or six weeks. I stopped at Galt's. I did not stop at Cook's. I was laid up with rheumatism, caught while in the boat and on the sandbars. The boat leaked and I had to bail it out every fifteen minutes.

"About December 3 I started South and went to Savannah, Ga., and loafed around there a couple of weeks. I went down over the belt route through Vicksburg and Atlanta. Then I came back to Chicago, and was arrested by Robert Pinkerton and detectives Ed. Carney and Wellbaker.

"I picked up an honest young fellow named George Burnhelm in the South and carted him up with me to Chicago. I told him I had some trouble in Chicago and wanted a friend to look out for me. I don't believe Burnhelm gave anything away; a million dollars would not have made him tell anything on me. I was arrested in a little saloon I was never in before, and there was no one with me at the time except Burnhelm and Kinney, who came down there to meet me with some money. I wouldn't like to say anything about the amount of money that was taken, but there was a good deal; enough to buy cigars," and Cummings laughed heartily.

"I will say right here, Cook knew nothing about the robbery. I believe there was some clothing thrown out of the cars. The doctors in Kansas City can tell you that it was rheumatism I had. I was the only man on board except Fotheringham.

"This job was done by a pack of green boys. 'None of us ever before saw the inside of a jail. I wrote the letter to Frank James for a cod. We were liable to do most anything. I only wrote these letters, the first to the *Globe-Democrat*, to clear Fotheringham, and the second to the *Republican* when I saw that the *Globe* held back the first letter. The third letter is the one last published. The other letters were written by cranks. Haight was in destitute circumstances at Chicago, and his father at Leavenworth was poorly off. 'I cut off my mustache with a scissors on the sandbar. I am twenty-six. I was born in Canada and lived in Leavenworth since '89.

"Fotheringham said to me on the train, 'If you are not caught I suppose they will fire me up to the 'Four Courts,' and on this account I wrote the first letter.

"I knew Moriarty, and if what I hear of him is true he is a dirty scoundrel. He knew about the job. He blusters a good deal, but when he is wanted he has an engagement somewhere and has to go out to get a drink. He weakened before the job and then Weaver weakened three days before, and I had to do it alone. I did not change any of the \$1,000 bills. If you spent the \$5 bills from now to 1900 you wouldn't have them all spent. I took about \$20 in silver for car fare, you know. Heffeman's story is not true. He is mistaken, as I did not enter the car that way."

"You were in the coal business?"

"Yes, I ran a little coal yard in Chicago until I was interrupted a few days ago. Weaver had a laundry not far away. I am not a married man, but I guess the neighbors up in Chicago had reason to suppose I was. I don't care to speak about the women. None of the women had anything to do with the job."

"It was purely accidental that I got so much money. About \$12,000 was all I wanted. That would have been enough for me. While planning the robbery we expected to lay for Hart, who was the smallest man on the road, but he laid off and Fotheringham was selected."

Witrock's manner was careless and fierce. He was perfectly good-humored and impressing every one favorably.

Weaver arrived over the Wabash shortly after Witrock and was also lodged in a cell of the calaboose. He refused to make any statement, but remarked that he did not know Fotheringham, had never seen him and knew nothing about him.

Marshall McDonald said that all the parties to the robbery were under arrest, and that all of the money had been recovered excepting about \$10,000. He expected Witrock would be turned over to the authorities, but did not know. There was nothing to say about the robbery, he said, and he refused to say anything regarding any evidence of Fotheringham's guilt or innocence.

## THE DEADLY SUGAR BOWL.

The sugar bowl has come to the front as a deadly weapon. Mrs. Catherine Keever, of Somerville, N. J., has just been arraigned to plead to an indictment charging her with the murder of her husband. The accused admits the killing, but claims that it was accidental. The crime was committed last September. It appears that Mr. and Mrs. Keever, who had both been drinking, were seated at supper. A dispute arose, and in her anger the woman flung a heavy sugar bowl at her husband, which struck him on the top of the head, fracturing his skull. He died instantly. The case has created great excitement. It is, perhaps, the truest economy to use fragile French china upon the table, instead of the durable, but dangerous, ironstone.

**The Voltaic Belt Co., Marshall, Mich.**  
will send their celebrated Voltaic Belt and Electric Appliances, on thirty days' trial, to any man (young or middle-aged) afflicted with nervous debility, loss of vitality, lack of nerve force and vigor, and other diseases. The greatest remedial agent ever discovered. Write to them for illustrated pamphlet free. No risk is incurred, as thirty days' trial is allowed.

## CURE FOR THE DEAF.

**PECK'S PATENT IMPROVED CUSHIONED EAR DRUMS PERFECTLY RESTORE THE HEARING** and perform the work of the natural drum. Invisible, comfortable and always in position. Conversation, even whispers, heard distinctly. Send for illustrated book of testimonials. Free. F. HISCOK, 853 Broadway, N. Y.

## TO READERS.

Don't send money for goods to this office. We cannot undertake to purchase for any one. Send direct to the advertiser always.  
Letters to advertisers should be inclosed in sealed envelopes, bearing upon the outside the sender's address written across the end, in addition to the advertiser's address, written lengthwise as usual. This is an almost infallible prevention of loss and disappointment. Letters so treated are returnable to the sender, unopened, if they fail of delivery.  
Correspondents abroad are cautioned against sending foreign postage stamps, which are useless as a remittance, post office orders can invariably be obtained and should be used exclusively.

## TO ADVERTISERS.

Advertisers sending copy for blind advertisements must in all cases accompany their communication with a precise description of the goods they propose to sell.

Attention is called to the fact that no new accounts are opened for advertising, and that cash must in all cases accompany an order. Persons who are disappointed because their cards do not appear in this issue are those who omit to comply with this rule.

All Advertising Agencies are forbidden to quote the *POLICE GAZETTE* at less than regular rates, and notified that orders from them will not be received unless they exact full rates from advertisers.

Copy for advertisements must reach this office by Tuesday at P. M., in order to insure insertion in following issue.

## BOOKS THAT EVERY ONE SHOULD READ.

Glimpses of Gotham; or, New York by Daylight and after Dark.  
Man Traps of New York. A Full Exposure of the Metropolitan Swindler.  
New York by Day and Night. A Continuation of Glimpses of Gotham.  
New York Tombs; Its Secrets, Romances, Crimes and Mysteries.  
Mysteries of New York Unveiled. One of the most exciting books ever published.  
Paris by Gaslight. The Gay Life of the Gayest City in the World.  
Paris Inside Out; or, Joe Potts on the Loose. A vivid story of Parisian life.  
Secrets of the Stage; or, The Mysteries of the Play-House Unveiled.  
Great Artists of the American Stage. Portraits of the Actors and Actresses of America.  
James Brothers, the Celebrated Outlaw Brothers. Their Lives and Adventures.  
Billy Lewis, the "Colorado Bandit." The King of American Highwaymen.  
Cupid's Crimes; or, The Tragedies of Love. A history of criminal romances of passion and jealousy.  
Famous Frauds; or, The Sharks of Society. The lives and adventures of famous impostors.  
Mysteries of Mormonism. A Full Exposure of its Hidden Crimes.  
Slang Dictionary of New York, London and Paris. Compiled by a well-known detective.  
Heavenly Chimes. His Virtues, Vices and Crimes. An account of the sufferings of California.  
Guileau's Crime. Full History of the Murder of President Garfield.  
Assassin's Doom. Sequel to Guileau's Crime. A history of the trial and sentence.  
Crime Avenged. Sequel to the Assassin's Doom. The punishment of the murderer.  
Murderesses of America. Heroines in the Renowned Crime.  
Far Exposure. A Complete Exposure of the Great American Game.  
Lives of the Poisoners. The Most Fascinating Book of the Year.  
Mabelle Unmasked; or the Wickedest Place in the World.  
Crimes of the Cranks. Men and Women Who Have Made Insanity An Excuse for Murder.  
Boycotting. Avenge Ireland's Wrongs. A true history of the Irish troubles.  
Suicide's Cranks; or the Curiosities of Self-Murder. Showing the origin of suicide.  
Coney Island Frolics. How New York's Gay Girls and Jolly Boys Enjoy Themselves by the Sea.  
**SPORTING BOOKS.**  
The American Athlete. A Treatise on the Principles and Rules of Training.  
Champions of the American Prize Ring. Complete History and Portraits of all the American Heavy Weights.  
Life of Jim Mace, ex-Champion of England.  
"John Morrissey, Pugilist, Sport and Statesman."  
"John C. Heenan, with all his Battles."  
"Tux Wilson, Champion Pugilist of England."  
Ed. Hanlan, America's Champion Oarsman.  
Betting Man's Guide, or How to Invest in Auction and Mutual Pools and Combinations.  
Any of the above superbly illustrated books mailed to any address on receipt of 25 cts. Address RICHARD K. FOX, Box 40, N. Y.

## TO ADVERTISERS.

**ADVERTISING RATES.**  
Advertisements..... \$1.00 per line.  
Reading Notices..... 2.00 " "  
Copy for advertisements must be in by Tuesday noon in order to insure insertion in following issue.  
The *POLICE GAZETTE* has 16 pages, of 4 columns, measuring 14 inches each, and 2 1/2 inches wide.  
ALL AGATE MEASUREMENT. EIGHT WORDS AVERAGE A LINE.  
No Discounts Allowed on Large Advertisements or Time Contracts.  
No Extra Charge for Cuts or Display.  
During the continuance of an advertisement, the paper is sent regularly to all advertisers.  
Cash should accompany all orders for transient business in order to secure prompt attention.

## PERSONAL.

**MARRIED LADIES** or those contemplating marriage, will, by sending, on basis of pay postage, etc., receive by return mail a Sample Package of Goods, also, important information that every lady is looking for. Address F. B. BRILL, New Haven, Conn.

Something worth \$1,000 to any man, for 25c. Money refunded on return of the article if not satisfactory. THE PERU CHEM. CO., Milwaukee, Wis.

## FURS.

**FURS! GENUINE ALASKA SEALSKIN** (London dressed) garments: latest designs: signs: my own manufacture, 25 per cent. less than any other reliable house in this city every garment guaranteed to give entire satisfaction or money refunded. SAQUES, 36 bust, 40 long \$150; Paletots, 54 long, \$250; Newmarkets, 52 long, \$275.  
214 Broadway (24 years in present location.)

## SPORTING GOODS.

**Poker!**—If you want to win at Cards, send for the Secret Help. A sure thing. It will beat old sports. Address H.O. Brown & Co., Salem, N.H.

## AGENTS WANTED.

**WE WANT YOU!** a live energetic man or woman needing profitable employment to represent us in every county. Salary \$75 per month and expenses, or a large commission on sales if preferred. Goods staple. Every one buys. Outfit and particulars free. STANDARD SILVERWARE CO., BOSTON, MASS.

## AGENTS WANTED.

A smart, energetic man wanted in EVERY TOWN AND VILLAGE IN THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA to sell the *POLICE GAZETTE* where there is no regular newsdealer. Sample Copies and Advertising matter MAILED FREE on application.  
RICHARD K. FOX, Editor and Proprietor, Franklin Square, New York

Diseases of men a specialty. Moderate charges and honorable treatment. Address or call on N. E. Med. at Institute, 24 Tremont Row, Boston, Mass.

**WORK FOR ALL;** 40c. an hour at home; no canvassing. Instructions, 4c. Box 1, Phila., Pa.

Agents can make \$1 an hour. New Goods. Samples and terms free. C. E. MARSHALL, Lockport, N. Y.

## SPECIAL NOTICES.

**REVOLVERS.** 22 calibre, 7-shot, \$1. Bull-dog, double action 12, 38 & 44 calibre, \$3 each. GARDEN CITY NOVELTY CO., Chicago, Ill.

Mucous discharges, eruptions of all kinds speedily removed by the N. E. Medical Institute's Nervous Debility Pills, \$1 per box, 6 for \$5. Sent postpaid.

## CARDS.

**12 CARDS**, entitled: "What Tommy Saw Under the Parlor Door;" "The Ticker;" "The Nuptial Night;" "The Adventures of a Newly-Married Couple;" "Parking in the Dark;" "The Bashful Man and His Experience on His Wedding Night;" "How to Do It;" and five others equally racy 50 cents. Young sport! Pack (63) Genuine Transparent Cards; with 2 cabinets of females from life for 50 cents. Full Mail Gazette Exposure, in book form: just published, 32 pages spicy reading, 15 cents.  
Gents! For your girls: curious teasing love letters; read two different ways, 10 cents.  
All of the above complete for a \$1 bill.  
QUEEN CITY SUPPLY AGENT, Box M, Plainfield, N. J.

Decay, debility, consumption. Thousands of cases cured by our Nervous Debility Pills, \$1 per box, 6 for \$5. N. E. Med. Inst., 24 Tremont Row, Boston.

What Tommy Saw Under the Parlor Door Illustrated. 12c. 2c. stamps. Drawer M, Plainfield, N. J.

## PROPRIETARY ARTICLES.

**TARRANT'S EXTRACT OF CUBES AND CUPAIBA** Is an old, tried remedy for gonorrhoea, gleet and all diseases of the urinary organs. Its potent, portable form, freedom from taste and speedy action (it frequently cures in three or four days and always in less time than any other preparation), make "Tarrant's Extract" the most desirable remedy ever manufactured. To prevent fraud send that each package has a red wax seal across the face of label, with the signature of TARRANT & CO., N. Y., upon it. Price \$1.00. Sold by all druggists.

## I CURE FITS!

When I say cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office. It costs you nothing for trial, and I will cure you. Address Dr. H. G. ROOT, 183 Pearl St., New York.

**Kidney and all Urinary Troubles quickly and safely cured by Docuta Sandalwood**, in seven days; avoid imitations; buy Docuta. It is genuine. Full directions. Price \$1.30; half bottle, 75 cents. All druggists.

**Mental and Physical Prostration.** Complete cure by using the Nervous Debility Pills; \$1 per box, 6 for \$5. N. E. MED. INST., 24 Tremont Row, Boston.

## MEDICAL.

## SEXUAL POWER

Positively and Permanently Restored in 2 to 10 days, effects in 24 hours; almost immediate relief. No nauseating drugs, minerals, pills or poisons, but the delicious MEXICAN CONFECTION, composed of fruits, herbs and plants. The most powerful tonic known. Restores the Vigor, Snap and Health of youth. Sealed Book free, giving full particulars. Address SAN MATEO MED. CO., P. O. Box 431, St. Louis, Mo.

## LOST VIGOR

Marston Remedy Co., 19 Park Place, New York.

Gonorrhoea. Sure specific, certain cure. No dosing. Warranted to prevent all private diseases. Sent by mail, secure from observation, on receipt of \$2. Merrill Specific Med. Co., Box 313, Minneapolis, Minn.

**GONORRHOEA** Urethra Pills, sure and quick, 12c. 12c. 12c. no case of failure yet. One box will cure any case. Send \$1 for box postpaid. GEORGE ARNDT, Sole Agent, Newark, N. J.

**URETHRAL STRICTURE** Cured permanently without knife, caustic, or dilation. For pamphlet, address DR. SAMUEL HAFE, Atlanta, Ga.

Leading Physicians recommend Doc's Injection as a certain cure for Gonorrhoea and Gleet. Price, \$1. syringe complete. Circulars free. WILLEY CHEMICAL CO., Mt. Kisco, N. Y.

**TANSY** and Pennyroyal Pills, Dr. Taylor's English, are safe and always reliable; \$1 per box by mail. Address Chas. A. Dreft, Ch., 166 Broadway, Buffalo, N. Y.

## DRY GOODS.

**JUST WHAT I WANT!** Ladies underwear, to buy them: best goods for least money, catalogues free. MAHLER BROS., 505 Sixth Avenue, N. Y.

## TOILET ARTICLES.

Youthful Vigor restored by using the famous Nervous Debility Pills; \$1 per box; 6 for \$5. N. E. MEDICAL INSTITUTE, 24 Tremont Row, Boston, Mass.

Married Ladies—Send self-addressed, stamped envelope. Mrs. M. Brownlee, Nashua, Pa.

## NEW PUBLICATIONS.

## "Sporting Man's Companion"

FOR 1887.

First issued in January, 1886. It at once became a favorite, containing in chronological order 365 important events.  
Its record is perfect, giving winners of the English Derby, the Kentucky Derby, the City of Thousand and Two Thousand Guineas, and other prominent races since their commencement. Records of Pedestrians, Bicycle, Snowshoe, Baseball, Boat Racing, Yachting, Rifle and Shooting Matches, the Laws of Athletics, Rowing, Betting, etc.; Fastest Running Trotting Time and interesting Prize Ring Statistics, with Portraits of Famous Actors and Actresses, Oarsmen, Pugilists, Jockeys, etc., together with a Theatrical Almanac, making a comprehensive and thoroughly reliable Encyclopedia of Sport. Now in course of preparation, and will be out on Jan. 1st.  
It is one of the best Advertising Mediums on this continent, being found in the hands of every sporting man in the country.  
A valuable book of reference for 25c. Send in your orders quick. Newsdealers order in advance.

## RATES OF ADVERTISING.

One page, \$30. 1/2 page, \$15; 1/4 page, \$10; 10 lines, \$5; 5 lines, \$2.50, agree measure. All advertising matter should be forwarded direct to

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**A GRAND OFFER** of cheap reading. The N. Y. "Weekly News," 25 Park Row, every week, gives twelve pages of stories, rattling sensational articles, etc., making 624 large newspaper pages in a year. Only One Dollar per annum. For \$1.50 we send a genuine Webster's Illustrated Practical Dictionary, 1600 illustrations, 634 pages, nearly 700,000 words, elegantly bound, and the "Weekly News," one year. Address N. Y. WEEKLY NEWS, P. O. Box 5795, N. Y.

**FREE PRESCRIPTIONS** are to be found in the "SCIENCE OF HEALTH," for the speedy cure of Nervous Debility, Loss of Manhood, Despondency, etc. A copy of this book will be sent free, sealed. Address SCIENCE OF HEALTH, 130 West Sixth Street, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Send for free Catalogue of Books of Amusements, Speakers, Dialogues, Card Games, Fortune Tellers, Dream Books, Debates, Letter Writers, Etiquette, etc. DICK & FITZGERALD, 18 Ann St., New York

Night emissions, waste in the urine permanently cured. Use Nervous Debility Pills, \$1 per box, 6 for \$5. N. E. Med. Inst., 24 Tremont Row, Boston.

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**14 SPIRITED** Pictures, exhibiting a young couple in all sorts of antics "Before and After Marriage," 10c. Box 12 No. 34 Church St., New York.

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**I'M SO SHY!** and 30 other funny songs free. Send stamp to Lover's Gazette, Chicago.

**Bar-Keeper's Guide**, 50c. Box M, Plainfield, N. J.

**She Got There**, 10c. Box 1191, Philadelphia, Pa.

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## AMUSEMENTS.

**The Proper Study of Mankind is Man.** Know Thyself. Just published (pocket edition), either in English, Spanish or German, a series of lectures addressed to Youth, Manhood and Old Age, as delivered at the Museum, or to those unable to attend sent free, by mail, to any address on receipt of 25 cents in postage stamps. Address Secretary, New York Museum of Anatomy, 713 Broadway, New York.

**Emissions and Waste stopped** by using our Nervous Debility Pills; \$1 per box; 6 for \$5. Sent postpaid. N. E. MED. INST., 24 Tremont Row, Boston, Mass.

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**Sexual Power** recovered permanently; use our Nervous Debility Pills; \$1 per box; 6 for \$5. Sent postpaid. N. E. MED. INST., 24 Tremont Row, Boston.

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**JOHN WOOD, the Theatrical and Sporting Photographer**, 238 Bowery, N. Y., can furnish portraits from life of all the champions, including John L. Sullivan, Jack Dempsey, Frank Herald, Ned Hanlan, John Teemer, Jim Smith (champion of England), Richard K. Fox, besides 400 other famous amateur and professional athletes. Every sporting saloon should have the full set. Send stamps for catalogue.

**NO TIGHTS.**—Cabinet photos, females from life. For 15c. stamps in common letter for sample, or a \$1 bill for 5, all sealed. Man and Woman (together) free with each dollar order. We mail goods in plain envelope. Address PARK CITY ART CO., Chicago, Ill.

**TOO FUNNY FOR ANYTHING.** 15 Spirited Married Couple in all sorts of antics. By mail 25c. Address WARREN & Co., Brooklyn, New York.

**Health, Energy and Vigor** restored by our famous Nervous Debility Pills \$1 per box, 6 for \$5. N. E. Medical Institute, 24 Tremont Row, Boston.

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**Get the set of four pretty French girls**, highly colored and in interesting positions, 15c; 10 for 25c; no two alike. Box 12, No. 34 Church St., N. Y.

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GRATEFUL-COMFORTING.









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